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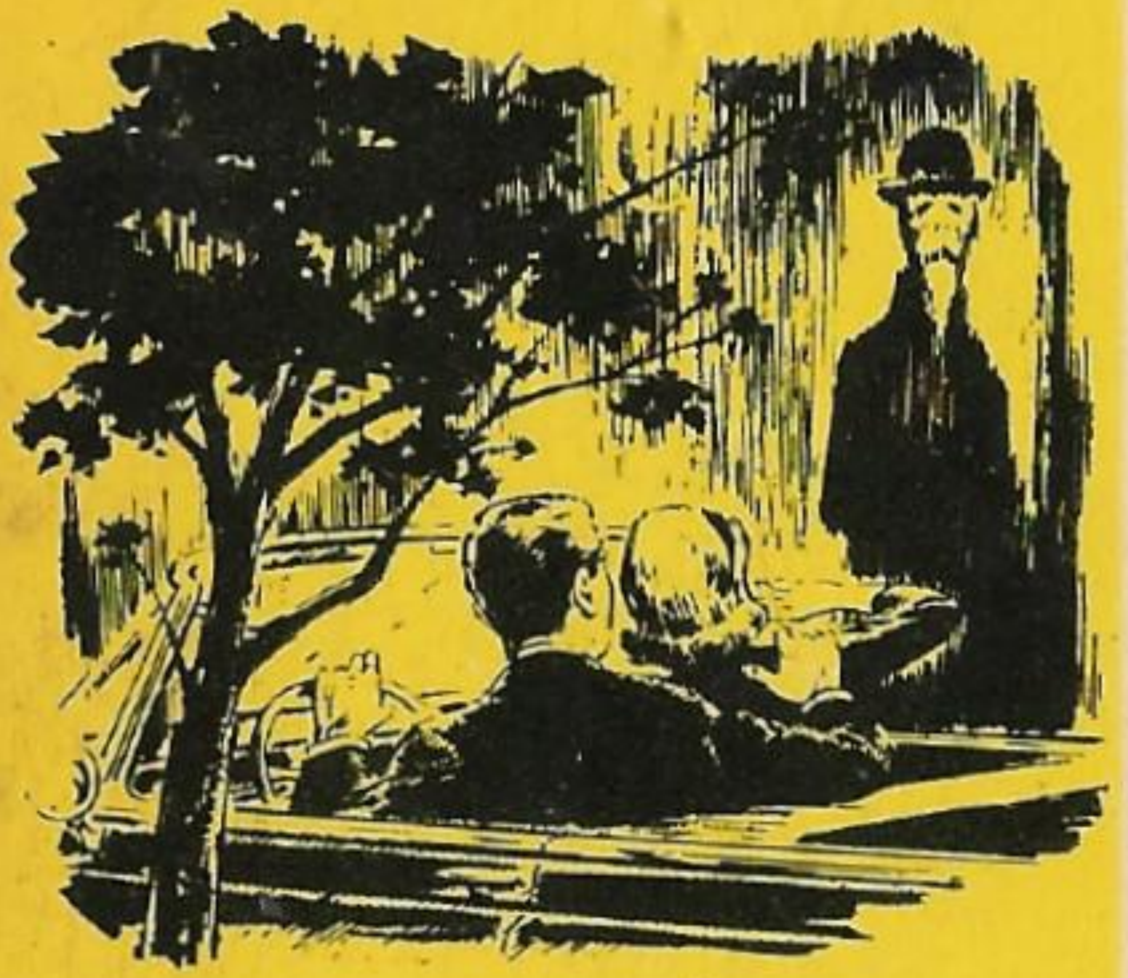
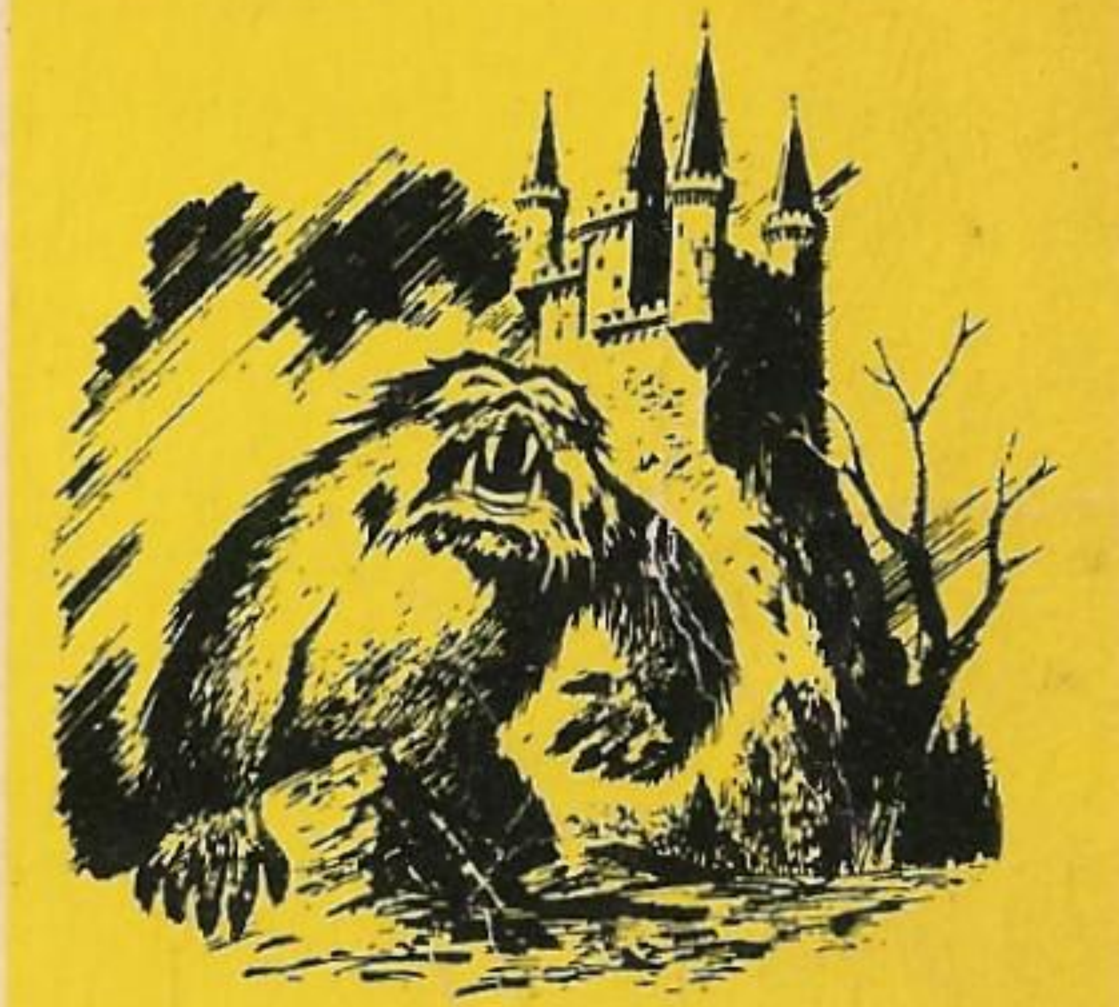
PEOPLE, CREATURES AND EVENTS FROM
THE STRANGE WORLDS OF

THE UNKNOWN

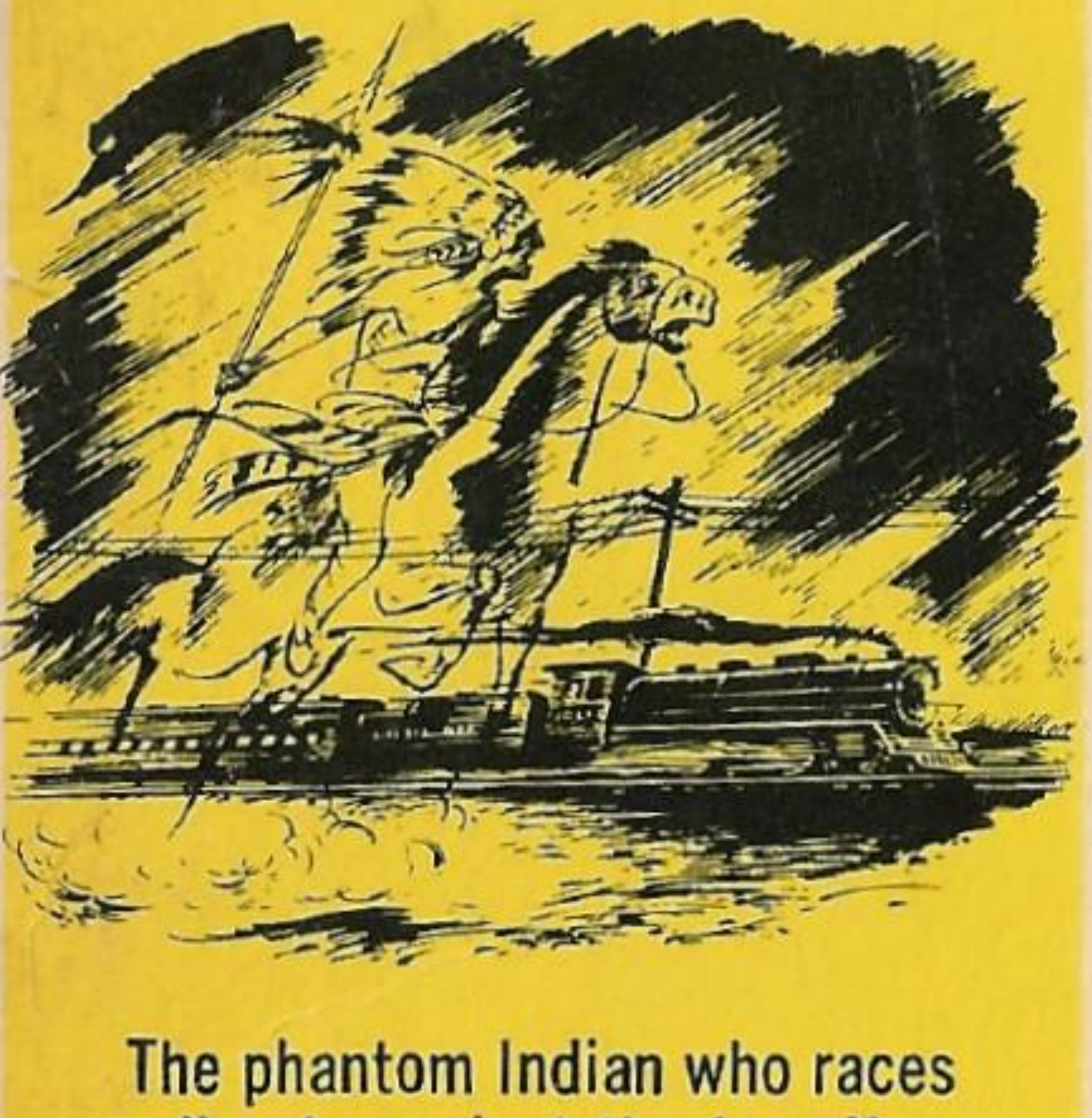
By BRAD STEIGER



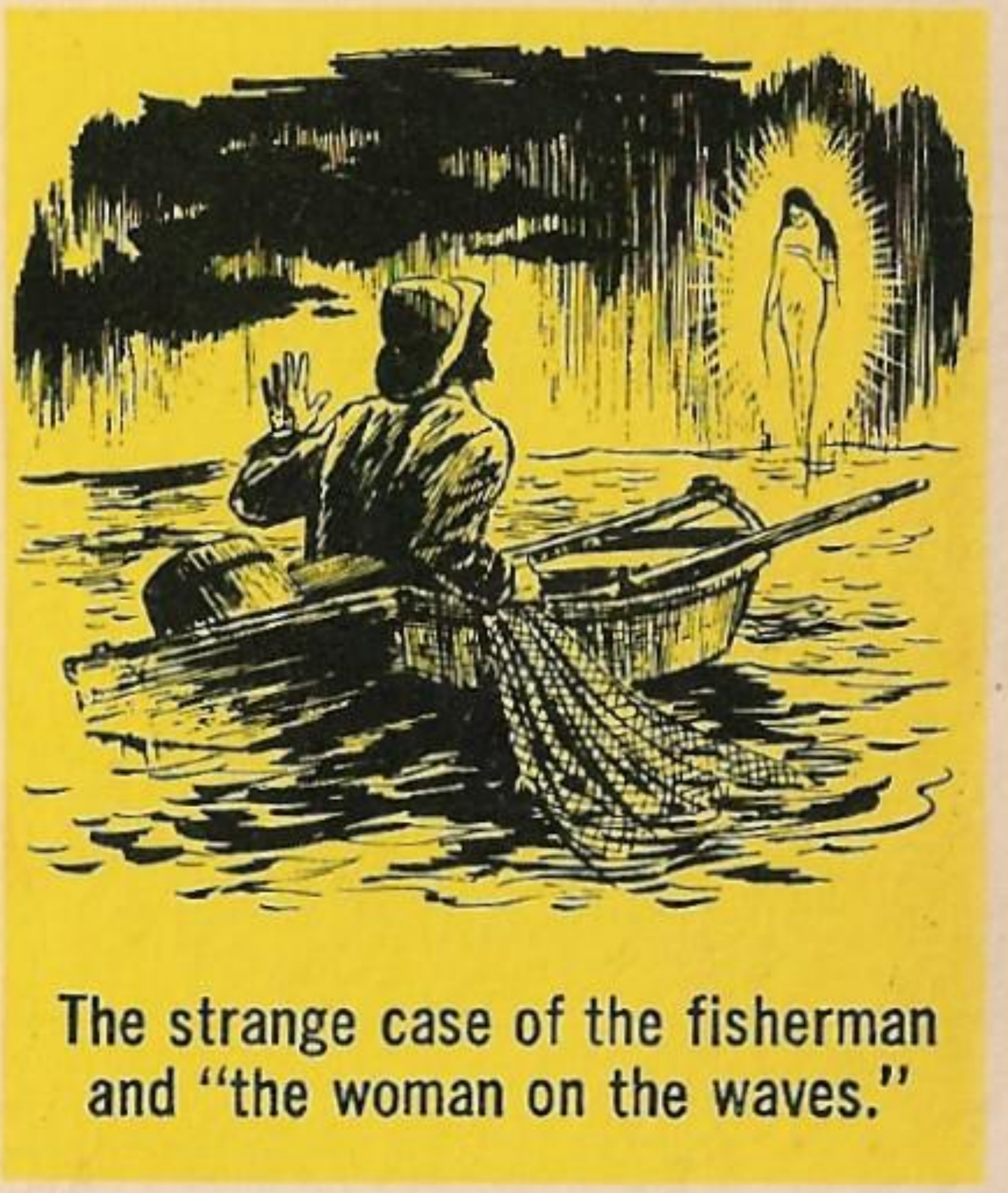
The jilted suitor—long dead—
who plagues Lover's Lane.



Half-man, half-monster, this
ghastly vision haunts a royal castle.



The phantom Indian who races
endlessly against the Iron Horse.



The strange case of the fisherman
and "the woman on the waves."

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About the Author

Bizarre, strange and unexplainable phenomena have been of great interest to BRAD STEIGER, the pen-name of a famous author of some eighteen books and over two hundred articles and short stories, since the age of eleven. A member of the Mystery Writers of America, he was selected for the 1966 volume of *Outstanding Young Men of America.*

THE UNKNOWN

By BRAD STEIGER

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CALIFORNIA'S FOREST OF DISAPPEARING CHILDREN

When thirteen-year-old Donald Lee Baker of Rockvale Avenue, Azusa, California, left on Sunday morning to go bike riding with his new friend, Brenda Howell, who was visiting her married sister, Mrs. Mary Edwards, he was given strict orders to be home by 9:00 A.M., in time to go to church. That was on August 5, 1957. Neither of the children has ever been seen again. They became the first of a series of children who have disappeared under mysterious circumstances in California's Angeles National Forest—690,000 acres of rugged wilderness.

But is it the wilderness that is claiming the children? Not a single trace of these missing children has ever been found—not a shred of clothing, not a possession, not even a skeleton. Wild animals, sex maniacs, kidnappers, the authorities have exhausted every possible lead. Is it possible that the unfortunate children simply disappeared? Literally vanished into thin air?

On March 23, 1957, eight-year-old Tommy Bowman rounded a corner of a forest trail just a few yards ahead of his father, sister, brother, uncle, and two cousins. When the six other members of the little hiking party turned the corner, Tommy was nowhere to be seen.

The trail was in the Devil's Gate Reservoir section, above the city of Altadena and not far from Azusa, where Donald Lee Baker and Brenda Howell had vanished. Within hours, the region was alive with over four hundred searchers, helicopters, dogs, mounted patrols, and beaters. Crevices into which the child might have crawled were examined thoroughly. The trail itself was covered and recovered by dozens of experienced woodsmen. It was easily determined that little Tommy had not slipped off the trail, because there were no signs of a fall at the spot where he was last seen. Besides, his family had been just a few steps behind him and would surely have heard him cry out if he had lost his balance and fallen. The search for Tommy Bowman continued for a week, but no trace of the boy was found. It was as if he had been plucked off the earth by some unseen and unknown force.

Bruce Kremen vanished just nine days before his seventh birthday. It was on July 13, 1960, and Bruce was on his first Y.M.C.A. hike in the forest. Although the boy had been full of enthusiasm for a hike with his young companions, the altitude seemed to be too much for him on his first day. The group leader told the boy that he had better return to camp and rest a bit instead of continuing on the hike. There would be other days to tramp around in the forest, and since they were still within sight of the camp, now would be the best time to return.

The adult leader stopped the troop of boys and walked with Bruce until they were within a few yards of the Y.M.C.A. camp.

"You can easily make it from here," the leader told Bruce. "Just report in to one of the leaders there in the camp."

Little Bruce Kremen never made those last few yards to camp. For twelve days, a party of three hundred volunteers combed every foot of the forest for ten square miles before they finally called off the futile search. Like Donald, Brenda, and Tommy, Bruce had become another victim of the Forest of Disappearing Children.

Is it possible for people to totally and inexplicably vanish? There are reputable scientists who believe that, in the visible world of four dimensions, there may be void places—holes into the fifth dimension—through which both animate and inanimate objects may fall and be seen no more. These voids may appear for only a few brief moments and then close again. In such cavities, our accepted dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness would have little meaning. There would be little that would be comparable to the world as we know it, and yet this other-dimensional world would exist simultaneously with our own four-dimensional one.

On September 23, 1880, David Lang set out to check his horses in the pasture of his Gallatin, Tennessee, farm. He had taken no more than a few dozen steps when he vanished in full view of his wife, two children, and Judge Peck, who had just driven into the farmyard on his way to town.

Scores of neighbors and townspeople were on the scene in a matter of hours. The county surveyor proclaimed the area to be free of sinkholes and caves. Not a single clue to the whereabouts of David Lang was ever discovered—unless one accepts the testimony of his children, who, seven months after their father had disappeared, insisted that they heard his voice calling for help on the exact spot where he had vanished.

THE HORRIBLE HAG OF DETROIT

When the William Adams family moved into the gray frame house at 5508 Martin Street in Detroit, Michigan, only the children and the dog seemed to sense that something loathsome had made its abode in the back bedroom.

There was certainly nothing about the physical appearance of the room that made Adams and his wife Lillian suspect that the small bedroom could hold a thing of unspeakable terror. For one thing, it was such a tiny room. There was only space enough in the minuscule enclosure for a bed and a built-in closet in one corner. Because it was so small and so far removed from the rest of the house, Adams used to sleep in it when he came home from the midnight shift at the Cadillac plant.

"Even after years of working the midnight shift," Adams explained, "I still have trouble, sometimes, sleeping in the daytime."

It was not long before Adams noticed the strange and uncomfortable effect that the back bedroom seem to have on him. "I started having the most horrible nightmares you can imagine," he said later to a reporter from the Detroit *Free Press*. "They would leave me limp with fear because they were so real. I would find myself sitting in the bed screaming till my throat was sore.

"One of the dreams was when I found myself opening a door and a mutilated body fell out."

The ghastly nightmares began to rob Adams of so much sleep that he told his wife, "If this doesn't stop, I don't know what I'll do. I'm about ready to see a psychiatrist."

It was only after he had resumed sleeping in the master bedroom that he began to associate the nightmares with the back bedroom. "I didn't have any bad dreams when I slept in our bedroom. The nightmares would come only when I slept in that terrible room."

In August of 1962, Adams' grandmother came to visit them from Georgia. Both the Adamses assumed that Bill's reaction to the room had been some kind of personal association, so they gave Grandmother Adams the back bedroom for use during her stay.

The next morning she came to the breakfast table pale and shaken. "There are terrible sounds in that room," she told them. "All night long I thought someone was trying to break in. I refuse to sleep in that room again."

Grandmother Adams became so uneasy in the house that she cut short her stay and returned to Georgia.

For the first time, Bill and Lillian began to realize that there was something terrible about that room. They began to recall things—small things that had seemed inconsequential at the time. They remembered, for example, that their small terrier refused to enter the room, that eight-year-old Jimmy, six-year-old Deborah, five-year-old Johnny, two-year-old Laurie, and the baby, Tammy, always avoided the room when they played about the house. What strange thing was tainting the atmosphere in that tiny back bedroom?

On October 27th, an old friend from Georgia, Shirley Patterson, arrived to spend a few days with the Adamses in Detroit before he drove a new car back home to Decatur. Adams knew that Patterson was a practical, matter-of-fact Southerner. Bill and Lillian decided he would be their final test. If Patterson could spend a night in the back bedroom without suffering any ill effects or reporting anything strange, perhaps they had merely let their imaginations gain the upper hand. They would not even mention their own unpleasant experiences with the room. Patterson would be able to explode all the fantasies that they had built up about the room.

"I didn't know anything about the room," Patterson said later. "There was no reason for me to suspect anything. No reason to be afraid.

"It seems that I was in the bed for just a few minutes. I don't know whether I was asleep or not. I was facing the wall, and then I felt something turn me over. Don't ask me to describe the feeling. All I know is that it rolled me over and then I saw it standing outside the bedroom door.

"At first I thought it was Lillian, but I started to tremble. It was a woman with long hair, and she had her back to me looking into the kitchen. She was wearing a short fur coat and a kind of blue dress."

Patterson screamed as loud as he could and ran toward the figure. At the moment he approached it, every light in the house went out.

He continued to stumble around in the darkness until, a moment later, the lights came back on again. He met Lillian in the kitchen. Bill had left shortly before for the midnight shift at the plant.

"In the bedroom," Patterson began, "I saw . . ."

His words of explanation were suddenly interrupted by a terrible wailing—a mournful half-human, half-animal sound that left both of them speechless with fright.

"It was like nothing I'd ever heard before," Lillian Adams recalled later, "and then there was an awful smell that made both of us sick. It was coming from the room where we heard the moaning."

As if the unearthly moaning and the nauseating stench were not enough, a heavy trapdoor in the floor of the utility room raised itself several inches into the air and then fell back into place again. Below the trapdoor was a set of flimsy stairs that led to a partially dug-out basement.

Freeing themselves at last from the spell of terror that had completely engulfed them, the frightened man and woman called the police. Within a few minutes, officers were searching the house from attic to incompleted basement. They were able to find nothing that would give a rational explanation to the apparition which Patterson had seen or to the eerie moaning and the sickening odor, which both Patterson and Lillian Adams had noted.

When Adams got home from the plant on Sunday morning, October 28th, his wife and friend were waiting up for him. As calmly as they could, they told him what they had experienced that night.

"I'm not the kind of guy who believes in ghosts—at least I didn't then," Adams said. "I'm a grown man with a family. I've been in the Army. I just couldn't convince myself that there was anything to it. I had to try again and see what would happen."

That night, at about 7:30 P.M., Adams lay down on the bed in the back bedroom. He had reached a decision that night, once and for all; he would either conquer whatever inhabited the room or he would admit defeat and let the thing have the bedroom—and the house—to itself.

He had lain in the bedroom for quite some time when he thought he heard Lillian moving in the room. He had left his friend and his wife sitting silently in the front room with a small table lamp providing their only light.

"Lil," Adams whispered sharply, "you'd better leave the room if we're ever going to get anything settled. It probably won't show itself if there's two of us in here."

There was no answer and no sound of movement, but Adams still sensed a presence in the room.

"I turned over to look and the face was inches away from me. It was the most horrible thing I have ever seen. The eyes stared past me and the mouth moved to talk but only a hissing noise came out—and a terrible stench!"

Adams ran out of the back bedroom in a state of near hysteria. He was screaming wildly, and he ripped handfuls of hair from his head as he ran into the kitchen. Patterson tried to grab him and hold him down, but Adams flailed away at his friend as if he were berserk. Finally Lillian and Patterson managed to throw a blanket over Bill and wrestle him to the floor. The same nauseating stench they had noticed the night before once again permeated the house.

An hour after Bill had regained his senses and told of the ghastly and indescribably evil face he had seen, the house on Martin Street was empty. Adams had admitted defeat. The horrid hag could keep her bedroom and her house. They grabbed the sleeping children from their beds and fled in the night to neighbors. The next morning they moved in with Mrs. Adams' parents, who live in Dearborn, a suburb of Detroit.

"All I could think of that next morning," Adams remarked, "was that if the bedroom door had been closed that Sunday night, I would have killed myself beating against it to get out."

With the help of friends and relatives, the Adamses found another house to rent and moved all of their furniture out of the house on Martin Street during a series of daylight visits.

Mrs. Adams' brother, Leo Sanocki, and her sister Virginia arrived at the house one night to see for themselves if there was anything to Lillian's and Bill's wild tale of an ugly hag that haunted the back bedroom.

"I stood out in the kitchen and Leo said he was going to lie down on the bed for ten minutes in the dark," said Virginia Sanocki. "A few minutes later I heard this awful groan come from the bedroom. If it was Leo, I have never heard him make a sound like that before.

"Then he came rushing through the door into the kitchen with the most horrible look on his face, like he was scared out of his mind. I asked him what he saw, but he wouldn't tell me anything."

Leo Sanocki refused to disclose what he had seen in that back bedroom in the house on 5508 Martin Street in Detroit. And, as the landlord absolutely refused to let any investigators into the house with any electronic equipment, it is unlikely that we shall ever know what mission kept the horrible hag haunting that bedroom in Detroit—or at least not until the house is rented out again.

THE MONSTER-MAKERS

The dark complexioned man dropped the silver coins into a leather bag and handed it to a sad-eyed peasant, who was dressed in tattered clothing. After the peasant tucked the bag of silver securely into his belt, he took his three-year-old son by the hand and turned him over to the grasp of the child-buyer.

"Ye won't be hurting little Jeff, now, will ye?" asked the boy's father, his voice quavering. "I would not be selling him to ye if ye mean him harm. I would not be selling him at all if the family were not starving to death. Rachel, the baby, still needs her mother's milk; and John and Hal are old enough now to help me in the field. It had to be little Jeff."

The dark man laughed. "Of course we mean the *muchacho* no harm. He shall be well provided for. He shall never know hunger nor shall he ever dress in rags. Why, in a few years, you'll not even recognize the boy."

Although the man's words may have given the father a kind of false hope and eased his conscience for the moment, he was familiar enough with the ways of child-buyers to know what fate was in store for his son. The child-buyer had spoken truely enough, however. In a few years, the father would not be able to recognize his own son. Depending on what kind of freak was most in vogue, little Jeff might have his face remolded into a "laughing mask." His cheeks might be slit to the ears, his gums laid bare, his nose battered. Or he might be strapped into a box and bound tightly so that his bones would grow into grotesque positions. He might be stunted into a dwarf or stretched into a giant. His vocal cords might be sliced so that he would only be capable of crowing like a rooster. From the Middle Ages until the 1800's, child-buyers were able to provide an endless variety of freaks on call for the royal courts of Europe and Asia.

In one of his most famous novels, *The Man Who Laughs*, Victor Hugo dealt with the horror of the organized child-buyers, who turned children into freaks on an almost assembly-line basis. Hugo called the organization the Comprachicos, but history knows them as the Dacianos.

The Dacianos either bought or kidnapped children three to four years old, after they had been weaned and had begun their first major growth. Once a child had been obtained, it could look forward to having its legs broken or its face slit. The Dacianos were professional freak-makers, for grotesqueries of human nature were in great demand at the royal courts. If possible, the Dacianos would acquire children who were already freaks of nature. But when the demand far exceeded the supply, they found that the knife and the stunting box were the quickest means available to provide the monarchs with their bizarre entertainment. As Hugo wrote: "They provided toys for men."

Even with the knife to reshape faces and the binding box to restructure limbs and bodies, the wholesale manufacture of freaks took a great deal of time. It was necessary to have a large supply of children on hand in varying stages of market readiness.

The Dacianos took most of their tips on monster-making from the Orientals, who traditionally have been adept at producing dwarf plants and animals. It was the Orientals who, prizing small feet in women of the aristocracy, hit upon the idea of binding the female foot to keep it tiny.

The Dacianos were quick to conceive adaptations of their own. For example, a child could be placed in a weirdly designed vase with only his head and legs protruding. When the child reached maturity, the vase was broken, and his body would be found to have developed in the same bizarre design as the vase. Similarly, boards could be bound around a three-year-old child's skull, and by the time he reached his late teens, the Dacinos would have a perfect "pinhead" for the market.

This heinous organization seems to have had its headquarters in the Gorge de Pancorbo near Vitoria, Spain. Here, the Dacianos equipped a huge laboratory in which to perform their mutilations. Some authorities have written that the Dacianos also maintained offices in Diekirsch, Germany; in Bourbonne-les-Bains, France; and in an old tower near Cleveland, Yorkshire, England.

Until 1645, an old Anglo-Saxon law allowed English parents to sell children under seven years of age. Whether or not such a law existed on the Continent made little difference to destitute European families, who gladly traded another hungry mouth for a bag of silver. When such royal reformers as William and Mary decreed a systematic campaign against child-buyers, the Dacianos found that they had to resort to large-scale kidnappings. According to contemporary reports, in 1668 three shiploads of stolen children sailed down the Thames.

The Dacianos existed only as long as the demand for palace freaks was fashionable. By the late 1700's, the royal yen for human monsters as a basis of entertainment had begun to wane; and the grisly society of child mutilators had apparently disappeared by the early part of the nineteenth century.

THE HAUNTING OF BEAVOR LODGE

On the very first night that Sir William Richmond and his family occupied Beavor Lodge, all the members of the household were disturbed by strange noises in the lower part of the house. Thereafter, the nightly rattling of windows and the thudding of spectral footsteps would be considered the most minor of the weird nuisances.

Doors would open just before members of the household entered a room—as if an invisible butler had turned the handles. Mournful sounds of someone sighing and sobbing could be heard at all hours of the day or night, especially in a certain back bedroom and on the little staircase that led to it. A strange sound, as of someone stitching coarse material, was often heard; and nearly everyone had the uneasy feeling of being watched.

Beavor Lodge could not have looked less like a haunted house. Built in the late 1700's by Samuel Beavor, the house was a simple rectangular two-story brick building. The main feature of the estate was the lovely garden which was bordered on one side by the Thames and on the other by a country lane. When the Richmonds moved into the house in 1871, they were completely unaware that they were about to share the quarters with any sort of psychic phenomena. They knew of nothing in the house's history to indicate the presence of sobbing and sighing spooks.

Shortly after they had moved into Beavor Lodge and had begun to be aware of the bizarre nocturnal activity peculiar to that house, Mrs. Richmond overheard two ladies talking while riding on an omnibus. "There's Mrs. Richmond, who's just moved into Beavor Lodge," said one lady to the other. "I wonder how long they'll last when they find out how haunted it is?"

The Richmonds were most unusual people. They soon grew to tolerate the sobs and the sighs, the obliging doors that opened at their approach, and the invisible footsteps that hurried about the house most of the evening. For over five years, Sir William and his brave household patiently endured in their residence on the borderlands of the unknown. And then, in October, 1875, a startling new development was added to the haunting at Beavor Lodge.

Mrs. Richmond was reading to three of her children in the dining room. She had rung for the parlormaid to take a letter to the post office and, when she heard a door open, extended the letter so that the maid might take it from her hand. As she glanced up from the book, she was surprised to see a short woman dressed in a gray, filmy garment standing before her and the children. The children's backs were turned to the strange woman, so Mrs. Richmond said nothing that would frighten them. Instead, she continued reading without dropping a syllable, while at the same time keeping a surreptitious watch on the uninvited guest. At last the woman, through with her observation of the children, turned to leave the room. But before she had reached the door, she had disappeared as completely as if she had never been there.

Although Mrs. Richmond reported the incident to her husband and to no one else, the servants were soon seeing the apparition, too. One servant, who had been with the Richmonds at Beavor Lodge from the beginning and had long since grown accustomed to the house's peculiar moans and groans, gave her notice after she had confronted the apparition of the woman in gray on the staircase.

One night, Mrs. Richmond was awakened by screams of terror coming from her six-year-old daughter, who slept in a small room next to her parents. Sir William ran to his daughter's bedside and received her report that she had seen "a wicked-looking old gray woman, with a horrid face standing at the foot of the bed looking at me."

In the autumn of 1876, Mrs. Richmond had just fallen asleep when she was awakened by loud sobs in her room. An icy wind seemed to blow through her chamber as the curtains of her bed were pulled back, and an invisible hand reached in to pull her hair.

After this, she often heard a voice calling her name: "Clara! Clara!" Thinking that it was her husband, she would run to his study only to find him quite surprised by her charge that he had been calling her. Once, however, they nearly collided in a passageway. He had been coming to her because he claimed to have heard her voice calling his name.

Sir William remained singularly unimpressed with the haunting until he stayed alone at Beavor Lodge while his family was away in the country. Only one servant, a cook, remained behind. The master of Beavor Lodge set about enjoying the quiet of an empty household by spending his evenings in his study, catching up on his reading.

One night he had lit up his pipe, found his place in his book, scratched the ear of his collie dog, and began to read. There was ample light in the study; a reading lamp was positioned on a table next to Sir William's chair and a blazing fire crackled in the fireplace. He had become absorbed in his book when the collie pricked up its ears and gave a low, rumbling growl of warning.

Sir William frowned his impatience at the interruption as the handle of the door shook. When no one entered the room, Richmond sighed and muttered something about the cook not being able to make up her mind. The dog continued to growl and pressed up against its master's legs as if it were terrified.

A distinct feeling of unease pricked the back of Sir William's neck. Slowly he looked around. There, about twelve feet from his chair, stood the figure of a woman clothed in a long, flowing robe. He could not distinguish the specter's face, as it was shrouded in a veil that clung mistlike to her features. The phantom remained in Sir William's study for several moments while the collie whined in terror. Then, just as unexpectedly as it had come, the apparition vanished.

It was about this time that George Richmond, who was Sir William's celebrated artist-father, uncovered the legend behind the haunting of Beavor Lodge. According to the story that he had heard, counterfeiters had at one time taken up residence in the house; when they discovered a woman spying on them, they had sewn her up in a sack and tossed her unceremoniously into the Thames.

"That explains the terrible sounds in this house," George Richmond told his son. "The strange sound of sewing, the horrible sobs of a woman in terror of her life."

No sooner had the Richmonds accepted the phantom presence of the Gray Lady, who had been done away with by counterfeiters, than another sorrowing specter began to appear in their garden. This apparition, also a woman, took her spectral stand beneath a pear tree. The Society for Psychical Research had long since become interested in the strange doings at Beavor Lodge, and the famous investigators, Gurney and Myers, held a séance with a medium, Mrs. Augustus De Morgan, in an attempt to learn the identity of the mysterious lady in the garden.

According to Mrs. De Morgan, the sorrowing woman was a girl who had belonged to a convent; she had become pregnant and had murdered the ensuing child to conceal her guilt. The body had been buried in that spot long before Beavor Lodge was built and the garden planted.

Richmond later wrote that Mrs. De Morgan was "an extremely sensible lady of exceptional accomplishments which, by their nature, were directly opposed to undue credulity. She was a good scholar, the daughter of a hard thinker, the wife of a great mathematician, deeply religious in her own way, and a great friend of Carlyle. A lady of strong, independent judgement, she quite satisfied herself of the truth of this story."

In later years, Mrs. De Morgan found a way to "communicate" with the shade of the Gray Lady who sobbed in the darkened corners of Beavor Lodge. According to the Richmonds, Mrs. De Morgan at last set the troubled spirit to rest, and nothing more was ever seen or heard of the phenomena that had disturbed domestic life at Beavor Lodge for over twenty-five years.

At the cessation of the disturbances, Sir William said: "Upon such matters as ghosts I confess I keep an open mind, I neither believe nor disbelieve in them, nor the possibilities of their reentry into a world which the body has left. That speculation must always be interesting upon such matters I acknowledge; but for myself I decline to study the question from a scientific standpoint because I believe that science is incapable of dealing with the Infinite. . . . The Mysteries by which Matter and life are surrounded will never be solved by German Chemists."

THE SHIP WITH THE DEAD CREW

When the mate and several of the crew of a sailing vessel boarded the *Marlborough* in a cove of Tierra del Fuego in October, 1913, they were completely stunned by the ghastly sight that awaited them.

Scattered about the decks were the shrunken and mummified bodies of the ship's passengers and crew.

"It's like a floating tomb," gasped one of the crew that had accompanied the mate on the investigation of the lifeless ship that they had spotted floating in the cove.

The masts of the *Marlborough* were still intact, but the sails hung in shreds, long since tattered by the merciless forces of wind and water. A green mold covered everything.

"It's the same down below," reported a sailor, who desperately sought to control the nausea bubbling up within his stomach. "Nothing down there but a bunch of mummies."

The mate had gone directly to the master's cabin, seeking a clue to the sea mystery in the ship's log. He found a skeletal captain hunched over the leather binding of a log book, but its pages had rotted away.

Subsequent investigation uncovered the startling fact that the *Marlborough* had left Lyttelton, New Zealand, in early January of 1890. The three-masted sailing vessel had been bound for her home port of Glasgow, Scotland. She had carried a mixed cargo, a number of passengers and a full crew of veteran sailors, and had been commanded by Captain Hird, an experienced sea captain. But, for reasons that shall forever remain unknown, the *Marlborough* never reached Glasgow.

At an official inquiry held in April, 1891, it was learned that a ship sailing near the Straits of Magellan had reported seeing the *Marlborough* soon after her departure from the New Zealand port. According to the skipper who had sighted her, the *Marlborough* had appeared to be in good condition and had signaled no request for aid or information. The officials at the board of inquiry had been left wth a question for which they could find no explanation: Why had the *Marlborough* chosen to sail around South America rather than Africa?

The missing ship had not been reported again until that day in October of 1913 when she was discovered in the cove off the southern coast of Argentina. The *Marlborough* was soft with rot and spongy with mold. It was obvious to the investigators that the vessel could not have been drifting in that cove for twenty-four years. The furious storms, for which Tierra del Fuego is noted, would long since have pounded her into fragments.

But what had happened to the passengers and crew? Had a becalmed sea robbed their sails of wind and allowed them to float aimlessly until their water supply had been exhausted? Or had food poisoning or some disease stricken the entire ship's population at the same time?

From all indications, the *Marlborough* had drifted into the cove only a short time before she was discovered by the crew of the sailing vessel. How had she managed to keep from foundering or from crashing into reefs when every member of her passenger list and crew had been dead for twenty-four years?

THE ICE-SKATING SISTERS OF CENTRAL PARK

Certain residents of Manhattan feel the same fondness toward the ghosts of the two lady skaters of Central Park as the Scots of Loch Ness feel toward their monster. The spectral ice skaters are said to be the shades of Janet and Rosetta Van der Voort, two sisters who died shortly before World War I and who have remained as inseparable in death as they were in life.

The Van der Voort sisters were the products of a loveless marriage beteeen Netje Schermerhorn and Norden Van der Voort, a wealthy banker of old New Amsterdam stock. The banker had married with the express purpose of producing a male heir. When his wife promptly produced two daughters and an edict from her physician stating that she could bear no more children, Van der Voort retired to another estate and entertained himself with racing fast horses and wining and dining even faster women.

It was his penchant for fast driving that led to his death in a horse and buggy accident. Mrs. Van der Voort soon sold the country estate and added several hundred thousand dollars to an already healthy bank account. The girls were just sixteen and fourteen at the time of their father's death, and they had already achieved a passable imitation of the beauty for which their mother was famous. Netje Van der Voort decreed that it was time that her two girls be properly introduced to New York society, but Janet and Rosetta could not have cared less.

Janet, full-bosomed and tall, was inclined to keep her lovely features fixed in a sober and somber mask. Rosetta, shorter and a bit plump, was gayer, but completely dominated by her older sister. Together, arm in arm and defiant, they walked the streets of New York.

They needed the company of no one else and surely not that of men. In the winter they spent nearly every waking moment skating in Central Park. Skating was their great love. When they were skimming about on the blades of their skates, they required nothing else of the world. They became so adept at cutting figures on the ice that they received the nickname of the Figure-Eight Girls.

When the sisters were in their late twenties, their still lovely mother accepted a marriage proposal from a prosperous financier. The late-in-life newlyweds embarked for Europe and took up residence in France. Two years later, the mother wrote the sisters that her American husband had died and that she was marrying a French count. She invited them to attend her lavish wedding, but as it was to be in the winter, the girls decided they simply could not miss out on the winter carnivals. Besides, they had already made up their minds never to see their mother again. She had found a new life in Europe, and they had their world of Central Park.

Not many more winters passed before they received word from France that their mother had died. The lawyer for the Van der Voort estate did not tread gently on their aristocratic sensibilities.

"Ladies," he told them, "you must live a life of strictest economy. The Norden Van der Voort fortune is nearly exhausted. As it is, you must sell the house near Cape May immediately to cover existing debts. With frugality and patience, you will be able to retain the town house and live somewhat comfortably."

The sisters' reaction to the shocking news was to set about preparing to host a lavish ice carnival in commemoration of Janet's birthday. Naturally they did not tell their lawyer of their plans. He would most certainly not have approved of such a party, as the expenditures would nearly deplete the remaining Van der Voort estate.

The ice carnival was one of the most extravagant ever held in Central Park. Iron braziers stood ready to warm anyone who might take a chill from the cold, clear winter night. Tables were heavily laden with luscious food and expensive drinks for the hungry skaters. There was no guest list; anyone who could manage a passable job of standing up on skates was welcome to attend.

When the sisters' attorney read an account of their three-ring circus on ice, he was irate. They had, he thundered at them in their home, all but drained the last of their funds. They were now left with the town house and little else.

Thereafter, the sisters, who had been so much a part of the Central Park scene, were seldom seen again. It became obvious to the frequenters of the ice rink that the girls had given their farewell party. Soon the windows of the town house were boarded up and only dim lights shone out between the cracks. Miss Janet died at sixty-five, and, three months later, Rosetta joined her, after having lain prostrate with grief in a darkened room ever since her sister's funeral.

It was not long after that a young soldier, who was about to be shipped overseas with the American Expeditionary Forces, reported seeing the two sisters skating in Central Park. They wore costumes of an earlier day and their arms were linked together as if protecting one another against the cold. Before the young man's startled eyes, the phantom skaters cut a perfect figure eight, then skimmed away across the lake.

Since that time, according to residents of the Manhattan area, the sisters have been seen on many a winter's eve when the air is cold and the sky is splashed with stars.

THE CIVIL WAR'S MARCHING GHOSTS

It was an unusually warm day on the afternoon of October 1, 1863, when a small group of Union soldiers stopped at the Kentucky mountaintop home of Moses Dwyer and asked for a drink of water.

"My sympathies lie elsewhere," Dwyer told the Yankees. "But I can't deny you a drink of water."

The Union sergeant thanked the mountaineer and assured him that his men would be on their best behavior if they might just rest a bit in the shade of his large porch. The members of Dwyer's family offered the troops some freshly baked cookies and soon the civilians and the soldiers were discussing the war as if they had forgotten the great schism that was supposed to divide them.

"Look at those strange clouds," one of the soldiers said, pointing skyward.

There, over the ridges of the adjacent hills, were rows and rows of weirdly shaped clouds, about the size and general shape of doors. They seemed to be constructed of smoke or some cottonlike substance rather than water vapor.

"The sky is filling up with the crazy things!" said another soldier.

"And they seem to be flying on their own," noted the sergeant. "There ain't no wind at all today. How can they move like that?"

As neatly regimented as companies of soldiers, the strange clouds sailed swiftly over the heads of the astonished witnesses on the porch of the Kentucky mountain cabin. Their numbers were so great that it required more than an hour for all of the door-sized "rolls of smoke" to pass overhead.

"That be the darndest thing I've ever seen in these mountains," Moses Dwyer said softly.

The Kentucky mountaineer had spoken too soon. Suddenly, in the valley below them, "thousands upon thousands" of what definitely seemed to be human beings appeared, marching at double time in the same direction as the "clouds."

A soldier cocked his musket nervously. "That valley is filling up with soldiers, he croaked in desperation. "The whole Rebel army is fixing to march on us, Sarge!"

The sergeant was as pale as the next man, but he had not yet allowed himself to panic. He quieted his men and spoke to them in a harsh whisper. "They ain't soldiers, but they be men . . . or the ghosts of men!"

The phantoms all wore white shirts and trousers and marched about thirty to forty "men" in depth. Oblivious to the attention they were receiving from the startled mountain family and the Union troops, the apparitions strode purposefully across the valley and began to ascend the steep mountain range that surrounded it.

The ghostly marchers could have passed for a mighty earthly army on the move if it had not been for their bizarre appearance. The phantoms were not of uniform size as their companion clouds had been. Some of the eerie marchers were tall and others appeared to be quite small. Their legs were seen to move and their arms to swing briskly; but although they marched in strict military fashion, they bore no weapons of any kind. As the phantom parade began the ascent of the mountain, members of the ghostly march were seen to lean forward, just as men do when negotiating steep terrain.

It took over an hour for the great parade of phantoms to march out of the valley, and the witnesses to the remarkable sight were left speechless and filled with wonder. Some of them, perhaps rightly, interpreted the ghostly marchers to represent the many men who would die in the bloody War Between the States.

Strangely enough, on October 14th, the same parade of phantoms was observed by ten Confederate soldiers and a number of civilians at Runger's Mill, Kentucky. According to contemporary reports, the phenomenon had been exactly the same in every detail, except that the combined passage of the weird clouds and the eerie marchers had taken only one hour instead of two.

THE PHANTOM SIOUX WARRIOR WHO RACES TRAINS

The traveling salesman was making the night trip from Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Butte, Montana. He had been dozing lightly in a lower berth when he was awakened by what he later described as a "damned uneasy feeling."

"I couldn't put my finger on what was troubling me," he told a reporter for a Chicago newspaper in that summer of 1943. "There were no strange or unusual noises in the train. I could detect nothing that sounded wrong in the steady clicking of the wheels. For some reason, I decided to lift the shade of my window."

That was when he saw the apparition. Outside of his window, so close that it seemed as if he might be able to touch them if he lowered the glass, were a brightly painted Indian brave and his spirited mount. The warrior bent low over the flying black mane of his horse and looked neither to the right nor to the left. He seemed to be mouthing words of encouragement to the phantom mustang as they rapidly gained on the train.

"I've seen them five or six times after that in different parts of the Dakotas," the salesman said. "They seem to be solid flesh, but there's a kind of shimmering around them. It's like watching a strip of really old movie film being projected on the prairie."

Railroad brakemen, engineers, and construction crews in the Dakotas and Wyoming have often spoken of the phantom Sioux and his determined race with their swift and modern Iron Horses.

"They couldn't beat the trains when they were alive," said one old-timer, who knew the legend behind the spectral racers, "but they seem to have picked up some speed in the Happy Hunting Grounds."

Frederic Remington, the famous artist of the Old

West, sketched the Sioux brave and his mustang from life as the inexhaustible pair raced the train on which he was riding. Remington had heard from several travelers the same tale of a determined warrior astride a big, bony mustang, who tirelessly raced the trains as the Iron Horses steamed across the plains. It was as if the locomotive represented a tangible symbol of the encroaching white man, and the Sioux believed that if he could conquer the Iron Horse, his people could vanquish the pale-faced invaders. With a marrow-chilling war whoop, the warrior would come astride the train engines as they entered a wide open stretch on the prairies. The mustang would pound the plains until sweat foamed on its lean and hard body. Only the greater speed of the locomotives would at last enable them to pull away from the chanting Sioux and his indefatigable mount. Even in life the two had seemed more phantom than flesh.

One can easily sense the great admiration Remington had for the spirit of the Sioux and his animal as his sensitive hands recreated the powerful, surging muscles of the mustang and the intensity of its master. Remington named his sketch "America on the Move."

MRS. GUPPY'S INCREDIBLE FLIGHT

Mrs. Guppy was seated by the fireplace entering household accounts in a book. At the other side of the fire, Miss Neyland sat reading a newspaper. They were chatting briskly to each other when, in the midst of a remark, Mrs. Guppy seemed to be having trouble with her tongue. Miss Neyland looked up from her newspaper and was amazed to see that Mrs. Guppy had disappeared, leaving only a slight haze where she had been sitting.

At a séance conducted by the two famous mediums, Herne and Williams, on June 23, 1871, at 61, Lamb's Conduit Street, High Holborn, London, one of the most incredible instances of human transportation ever attempted was successfully accomplished.

On that Saturday evening, Herne and Williams, who had been in partnership since January of that year, began a séance in the conventional manner of locked doors, darkened room, clasped hands, and prayers of entreaty to the spirit world. The spirit guides, John and Katie King, an extremely picturesque and productive father-daughter team from "the other side," were materalized, and almost instantly, the two spirits became engaged in an argument.

According to the unpredictable Katie, she intended to apport (materialize) something other than crucifixes, rings, and other small inanimate objects that night. Her "father" told her: "Katie, you can't do it."

"I will, I tell you, I will!" the stubborn Katie told her phantom father.

A Mr. Harrison jokingly prompted: "Why not bring Mrs. Guppy?" Harrison laughed at his suggestion because Mrs. Guppy, another famous London medium, was an extremely heavy woman.

"I will!" said Katie King.

A member of the séance circle spoke up, a note of urgency in his voice: "Oh, I say, you mustn't do that. You might harm the poor woman."

"I will do it!" Katie King repeated.

Three minutes later, there was a heavy thud in the center of the séance table.

A Mr. Edwards said: "There's a dress here. I have my hand on a dress."

Someone struck a match and a trembling Mrs. Guppy was seen to be standing in the center of the table. She held a pen and an account book in her hands. She held her right hand, with the pen in it, over her eyes. She did not seem to be aware of the members of the circle and did not respond to their questions.

"She'll be all right in a few moments," reassured the spirit voice of John King.

The members of the circle remained silent for about four minutes; then, with a high-pitched sobbing wail, Mrs. Guppy moved for the first time since her arrival at ten minutes past eight. Typically feminine in her first conscious response, Mrs. Guppy complained that she was dressed only in a flimsy housecoat and wore no shoes. "I'm not at all dressed to go out," she pouted.

She had scarcely finished uttering her complaint when her slippers fell from the ceiling. Shortly thereafter, a bonnet of Mrs. Guppy's materialized, along with her boots, some articles of dress, and four of her potted geraniums.

The remarkable achievement of human transportation created a great deal of excitement in both the popular and the spiritualistic press. Editorial writers for large daily newspapers exploited the entertainment value of the fantastic accomplishment and milked all the thrills they could out of the incident to alleviate the tediousness of their usual editorials. The house of Herne and Williams soon became known as the "house of mystery," and the two mediums were, to their financial satisfaction, literally invaded by crowds of the curious.

THE RIVERBOAT THAT VANISHED

The *Iron Mountain* was truly the pride of the Mississippi. The giant riverboat was one hundred eighty feet long and thirty-five feet wide and was equipped to accommodate passengers in luxury and cargo in quantity.

Yet, on a pleasant June morning in 1872, the *Iron Mountain* shoved off from Vicksburg bound for Louisville, rounded a bend in the river, and disappeared. Not a single crewman or passenger was rescued, nor was the smallest bobbing item of cargo or wreckage ever found.

The massive riverboat had been loaded with four hundred bales of cotton and had been pulling a line of barges. A few hours later, another stern-wheeler, the *Iroquois,* was nearly rammed by free-drifting barges, dragging a towrope in the river.

Noting the *Iron Mountain* insignia on the barges, the captain of the *Iroquois* gave the order to pursue the runaway barges and hold them for the return of the riverboat. Despite the most elaborate precautions, towlines did break, and it was part of the code of the river to secure drifting barges for a sister ship. One never knew when his own towline might break and he would have to rely on another captain's compliance with the code.

"Hey, Cap'n," shouted a crewman. "This here line's been cut!"

"Are you certain?" the captain shouted back through his megaphone.

The crewman held the rope at arm's length and gestured with his fingers. "A clean cut," he yelled. "This rope didn't break."

The captain of the *Iroquois* gripped the handle of his megaphone until his knuckles stood out like white marbles. A towline was never cut unless a riverboat was in an extreme emergency, literally struggling for its life. The *Iron Mountain* must be in some kind of trouble, the captain thought as he scanned the river for a sign of smoke.

"Stand by to rescue passengers," he ordered.

But there were no passengers or crew to rescue. Not a trace of the *Iron Mountain* was ever seen again.

Now just how does a large riverboat vanish on the Mississippi? If the *Iron Mountain* had run aground on a sandbar, she would have been stuck there waiting for assistance. If her boilers had exploded or if fire had broken out on board for any reason whatsoever, not only would the riverport of Vicksburg have noticed the smoke but so would dozens of other riverboats and smaller craft. If the stern-wheeler had suffered an accidental ramming of any nature, the hundreds of cotton bales and molasses barrels, which she carried as cargo, would have been bobbing on the river for miles. Planking would have littered the water and eventually been washed ashore.

But the *Iron Mountain* left not a single clue to its mysterious disappearance, and its fifty-five passengers and crew sailed with her into oblivion.

CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF

In 1610, Pierre de Lancré, a noted judge of Bordeaux, visited the Monastery of the Cordeliers to personally investigate a werewolf, who had been confined to a cloister cell for seven years. The werewolf, Jean Grenier, had viciously attacked several victims. Eyewitnesses to these assaults swore that Grenier had attacked in the form of a wolf.

Lancré, in his *L'inconstance* (1612), describes Grenier as possessed of glittering, deep-set eyes, long, black fingernails, and sharp, protruding teeth. According to the jurist, the wolfman walked on all fours with much greater ease than he could walk upright. Grenier freely confessed to having been a werewolf.

"I still crave human flesh," he told the astonished judge, "especially the flesh of little girls. I hope that it shall not be too long before I can once again savor this fine meat."

There is no known culture that does not have its werewolf, werefox, wereleopard, weretiger or weresnake. Since the dawn of prehistory, man has often adorned himself in the skins of wild animals as a part of his preparation for battle, hoping that the ferocity of the beast would magically rub off on him. In the Middle Ages, huge bands of beggars and thieves roamed the countryside at night, often dressed in wolfskins, howling like a pack of predatory animals. In our own age, we have only to remember Hitler's brutal regiment of "werewolves" or the recent atrocities of "lion-men" in the Congo. In some men, the veneer of civilization is easily shattered.

Psychologists recognize a werewolf psychosis (or lycanthropy or lupinomania) which may lead the afflicted individual to believe that he changes into a wolf at the full moon. The disturbed one may actually "feel" the fur growing on his body; he can "see" his nails becoming claws, his jaw lengthening, and his canine teeth gleaming sharply in his mouth. In murderous hysteria, he prowls city streets, the countryside or large public parks, springing on victims whom he may scratch, bite, assault, and sometimes kill. He may even imagine that he runs with wolf packs as their human leader.

In 1584, a werewolf attacked a small girl in a village located in the Jura Mountains. When the child's sixteen-year-old brother came to her rescue, the werewolf turned on the boy and killed him. Enraged villagers, hearing the screams, attacked the werewolf and clubbed it to death. Amazed, they watched the grotesque attacker turn into the nude body of a young woman they recognized as Perrenette Gandillon.

An official investigation led to the arrest of the entire Gandillon family, who seemed to have brought on the werewolf psychosis by some strange self-hypnosis. The eminent jurist Boguet, Judge of Saint-Claude in the Jura Mountains, personally examined and observed the family while they were in prison. In his book, *Discours des Sorciers*, published in 1610, he wrote that the Gandillons acted as if they were possessed. They walked on all fours and howled like wild beasts. They lost all resemblance to humanity. Their eyes turned red and gleaming; their hair sprouted; their teeth became long and sharp; their fingernails turned horny and clawlike.

Boguet was not a gullible man. His observations can be substantiated by other well-documented accounts of werewolves in France.

The famous case of Gilles Garnier, a werewolf executed at Dôle in 1573, is described in a court document wherein Garnier freely confessed his crimes.

Shortly after the feast of Saint Michael, Garnier, "being in the form of a wolf," seized a ten-year-old girl in a vineyard" . . . and there he slew and killed her both with his hands, seemingly paws, and with his teeth . . . he carried some of the flesh home to his wife. . . ."

Eight days later after the Feast of All Saints, Garnier attacked another young girl at about the same place.

"He slew her, tearing her body and wounding her in five places on her body with his hands and teeth, with the intention of eating her flesh, had he not been hindered, and prevented by three persons."

Seven days later the wolfman "seized yet another child, a boy of ten years old."

The sickened court went on to relate: "Moreover, upon the Friday before the Feast of Saint Bartholomew last he seized a young boy aged twelve or thirteen years under a large pear tree . . . had he not been hindered and prevented, he would have eaten the flesh of the aforesaid young boy, notwithstanding that it was a Friday. This hath he freely confessed."

In view of the heinous crimes coupled with Garnier's free confession, the court was quick to decree that the werewolf should be "handed over to the Master Executioner of High Justice, and directing that he, the said Gilles Garnier, shall be drawn upon a hurdle from this very place unto the customary place of execution, and that there by the aforesaid Master Executioner he shall be burned quick and his body reduced to ashes."

Another werewolf trial took place on December 14, 1598, in Paris. The court decreed the details of the case so grisly that they ordered all records to be burned.

In the same year, hunters chased away two wolves that were devouring the body of a fifteen-year-old boy. The men, being well armed, began a pursuit of the animals and were astonished to finally track down "a fearful figure, a tall gaunt creature of human aspect with long matted hair and beard, half-clothed in filthy rags, his hands dyed in fresh blood, his long nails clotted with garbage of red human flesh."

The loathsome creature identified himself as a vagabond named Jacques Roulet, who, with his brother and a cousin, roamed aimlessly from village to village. He confessed in court that they possessed a salve that enabled them to assume the form of wolves. He further admitted that he had attacked, killed, and eaten many children in various parts of the country.

During the years 1764-1765, all of France was terrorized by a huge werewolf that came to be known as the "Wild Beast of Gevaudan." The beast is reported to have slain over a hundred persons and to have been seen by hundreds of eyewitnesses. A company of dragoons was at last sent out to track down the beast and kill it, but even they could not succeed in cornering the vicious killer.

Certain psychologists have become convinced that the werewolf psychosis can bring about some drastic physical changes in the appearance of those who suffer from its delusions. The werewolf does not lose all his human characteristics. The beast has never been reported as sporting a tail; its hands, though hairy and clawlike, do not change into paws; its face becomes more like that of an ape or Neanderthal man than that of a wolf.

Scientists continue to be amazed at the incredible changes that can be wrought in body cells by intense concentration or autosuggestion. Blemishes, excess fat, warts have all been melted away by power of mind. Blisters can raise and wounds can close by the use of autosuggestion or hypnosis. In the light of these demonstrations, it does not seem too much to believe that intense autosuggestion could lead to the physical changes of the werewolf.

From the testimonies of individuals who have been self-professed werewolves, we have learned of the ritual that often serves as a prelude to lycanthropy. Steps such as drinking water from the paw print of a wolf or eating wolf brains or sleeping in the lair of a wolf must be followed. Then, too, many werewolves mention a "magic girdle" which they wear about their middles or a "magic salve" which they apply liberally to their naked bodies. Others tell of inhaling the odor of the mysterious lycanthrope flower or of swallowing secret potions. All of these observances, if followed by the prospective lycanthrope, would certainly increase the strength of autosuggestion—and the strange curse of the werewolf.

THE VISION THAT SAVED A SCALPING VICTIM'S LIFE

Josiah Wilbarger stood up in the stirrups and squinted into the hot Texas sun of an August afternoon in 1833. "Near as I can tell," he said to his four companions, "we be about eight miles from Reuben Hornsby's place."

"Then let's stop to water our horses at the spring," William Strother said, indicating a clump of trees off to the right of the trail. "Eight miles is too far to push the beasts in this infernal heat."

With low grunts of ready agreement, the five men reined their mounts toward the spring. It was a mistake which two of them would not live to regret.

Rifle-armed Comanches opened fire on them before the Texans had even had a chance to dismount. Hidden by the clump of trees, the Indians had watched the five frontiersmen approach the spring as if they were being delivered into their hands by the direction of the Great Spirit. Josiah Wilbarger, struck by a ball at the base of his skull, toppled from his saddle. Thomas Christian and William Strother were also knocked off their horses by the Comanches' volley. The two remaining men in the party wheeled their mounts and pounded leather, riding for their lives.

Wilbarger lay stunned in the tall grasses near the spring. In 1833, Comanches were more proficient with bows and arrows than with rifles, and the brave who had shot him had measured an inadequate powder charge. Properly primed and loaded, a rifle ball that caught a man at the base of the skull would have taken half the victim's head off. Josiah lay bleeding and dazed, but he was very much alive. Alive enough to know that if he wanted to stay that way, he had better play dead.

He heard the screams and groans of Christian and Strother as Comanche braves cut their throats. Mercifully, he felt himself sliding back into unconsciousness as a Comanche knee slammed into his lower back and powerful fingers jerked his head up by his hair. As if in a nightmare, Josiah Wilbarger felt the smooth fire of the brave's knife as it sliced a crude circle in his scalp. Because of the open wound at the base of Wilbarger's skull, the Comanche who had shot him had assumed that the frontiersman was already quite dead. Without further ceremony, the brave was helping himself to Wilbarger's scalp.

It was nearly dark when the Texan recovered consciousness. The Comanches had left him naked, stripped of all his clothing and personal possessions. Blood had matted one eye shut, but through the other he could make out the forms of his slain companions. Somehow, Josiah managed to get his elbows beneath him, and he started to crawl. Reuben Hornsby's cabin was eight miles away. Maybe, with God's help, he could make it.

After what had seemed an eternity of crawling, his torn and bleeding hands touched the rough bark of a tree. Struggling to assume an upright, sitting position, he leaned his back against the trunk and fought to control his ragged breathing. "It is here I'll die," he decreed solemnly. "Here beneath this tree."

"Nonsense, Josiah Wilbarger," scolded the soft feminine voice. "You always were one for exaggeration."

Wilbarger blinked his eyes in disbelief as he slowly raised his head and saw the form of his sister Margaret, standing there before him. She had her hands on her hips and her lips were pursed. She was frowning at him as if she were very impatient and angry with him, but her eyes gave her away just as they always had. When they had been children and Margaret, as older sister, had been a second mother to the Wilbarger brood, her eyes had always sparkled their love regardless of how fierce she had tried to look when she reprimanded them.

"Margaret," he gasped. "Whatever are you doing here?"

"Looking after you," she smiled, "as always. You've really fixed yourself this time, haven't you?"

"Aye," he nodded, then winced at the pain the movement of his head brought him. "But I had the cooperation of a rifle-toting, knife-slicing Comanche brave to get me into this predicament."

"Well," Margaret sighed, and there was sadness in her eyes, "what's done is done. Now I can't be staying long, so I want you to listen to me and heed what I tell you. Is that understood?"

Wilbarger whispered that he understood his elder sister, but the simple truth was that his throbbing brain was too pain-loaded to have any desire to attempt to deal with the mystery of how his sister had come to be in the middle of a Texas plain.

"I want you to stay right here under this tree," Margaret was telling him. "It'll give you shade from the sun and serve as a landmark for those who are coming to rescue you. Now it is important that you stay here, because there'll be someone along for you before sunset tomorrow night. Josiah, you must stay here beneath this tree. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Margaret," Wilbarger mumbled, his head dropping to his chest as he swooned with pain.

He did not awaken again until morning. His lips were parched with thirst, and his skull seemed to be the entire painful essence of his being. It was as if he had no arms nor legs nor body. He was only a throbbing skull that moaned its hurt on the Texas plain. He must crawl on, he decided in a moment when the pain let him think of survival. His only hope lay in reaching the Hornsby cabin.

Then he remembered Margaret. How real she had seemed last night. He could have reached out and touched her if he had had the strength. What was it she had said? "Stay under the tree!"

Margaret had always given him good advice when he was a boy, he remembered. Perhaps he should listen to her now. Besides, he sighed, leaning back against the trunk of the tree, he doubted if he had the strength to crawl much farther.

Throughout the day, Wilbarger had terrible hallucinations. The Comanches had come back for him. With whoops of sadistic glee, the painted braves unsheathed their knives and moved in on him. At the last moment, they had changed into buzzards with hungry beaks and mottled, flapping black wings.

It was about an hour before sunset when he felt himself being lifted gently into a buckboard. A canteen sloshed water against his parched lips, and he allowed the liquid to trickle into his mouth. Then he was grabbing wildly for the canteen, moaning his terrible thrist.

"Easy, Josiah," a voice told him. "Don't gulp it at first. Plenty of time for drinkin' later."

"Reuben," he managed in a hoarse whisper. "Is it you? How did you find me? How did you know I was here?"

"You never mind about that right now," Hornsby told him. "The important thing is that we found you."

Josiah Wilbarger did not receive the complete story of his rescue until nearly a week later. Then, one night when he was able to sit up and enjoy an after-dinner pipe with his host, Wilbarger was told the strange circumstances under which Reuben Hornsby and his neighbors had discovered where to look for him.

Mrs. Hornsby had awakened from a dream and had prodded Reuben out of his own sound sleep. She insisted that she had seen Wilbarger, naked and bloody, propped up under a large tree about eight miles from their cabin. Reuben Hornsby hushed his wife for troubling him with her nightmares, but she was so insistent that the following morning he contacted several of his neighbors and they went in search of Wilbarger.

The mystery did not end with Mrs. Hornsby's truth-telling dream, which had led to the rescue of the badly wounded Wilbarger, nor with Wilbarger's own strange vision of his sister, who had instructed him to remain at the tree so that rescuers might find him. A month later, Josiah Wilbarger received a letter notifying him that his beloved Margaret had died in her sleep at her home 1000 miles away at the precise hour at which she had appeared to him under the tree on the prairie.

GHOSTS STILL FIGHT ON CORREGIDOR

Phantom armies and the spectral reenactments of violent battles have been witnessed by many observers throughout history. On Christmas of 1692, representatives of the British king were sent to squelch "absurd rumors" that the battle of Edge Hill, which had been fought two months before, was being "refought" by phantom armies. The king's representatives returned to report that they had witnessed ghostly images so vivid that they could recognize the faces of friends who had been killed in action. In August, 1951, tourist guests and the staff of a small hotel located a mile east of Dieppe observed a ghostly reenactment of the Allied landing that had taken place nine years earlier.

Areas that have served as scenes of violent activity often seem to become impregnated with a psychic residue that may continually be recharged for spectral restagings. Such a place is Corregidor, that small island in the Pacific where American and Filipino troops tried desperately to halt the Japanese advance against the city of Manila and the whole Philippine Islands. Here, according to Defense Secretary Alego S. Santos, "the defenders fought almost beyond human endurance."

Today, the only living inhabitants of Corregidor's devastated island fortress are a small detachment of Filipino marines, a few firewood cutters, and a family of caretakers. These living inhabitants claim that they are not alone. The island, they swear, is haunted.

Wood cutters have returned to the base screaming in terror that they have seen bleeding and wounded men running about with rifles at the ready.

Marines on jungle maneuvers say that they often come face to face with silently stalking phantom scouts of that brutal conflict of twenty-four years ago.

Many claim to have seen a beautiful red-headed woman moving among ghostly wounded, ministering to their injuries. A nurse in a Red Cross uniform has also been seen appearing and disappearing in the tropical moonlight.

The night sounds are the most disconcerting to those who reside on the island. Nearly every evening is filled with horrible moans of pain and the desperate noises of marching soldiers as they race to do battle with phantom invaders.

Florentino R. Das, supervisor of tourism for Luzon, said that one night he and his wife heard the terrible sounds of men in pain "going far away toward Malinta Tunnel. I investigated and found nothing."

Soldiers on night duty have said that they often find themselves surrounded by rows and rows of groaning and dying men in attitudes of extreme suffering. Usually this grisly scene is observed shortly after the phantom of the Red Cross nurse has been seen.

MICHIGAN'S PORT OF VANISHING PEOPLE

Within the past few years, eight people have vanished under mysterious circumstances in the Michigan resort town of Ludington, located on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Although police officials have written the disappearances off as accidental drownings or suicides, not a single body has ever been found.

"The absence of a corpse is easy to account for," said a representative of the police force. "Strong lake currents sweep the bodies away, and the water is just too cold to encourage skin divers to search for the corpses."

A brief examination of the case of the latest person to embark for oblivion from the port of disappearing people may lead us to wonder if there might not be an even deeper mystery here than the astonishing lack of eight corpses.

At 6:00 P.M. on March 19, 1964, Lawrence Kolarik, a twenty-five-year-old salesman, called his wife from Ludington to tell her that he was to leave shortly on the *City of Saginaw*, a Chesapeake and Ohio Railway car ferry. Kolarik was on his way from Grand Rapids, Michigan, to pick up his wife and five children, who were still residing in Wisconsin. He had just bought a home in Grand Rapids and was eager to fill it up with his family.

"He was in such good spirits," Mrs. Kolarik told reporters. "He said that he was happy in his new location and that his bosses had told him what a good job he was doing in the area. He said that he could hardly wait to bring us back with him."

Kolarik had driven his car onto the ferry at about 5:15 P.M. He had checked into a cabin in the ferry and left his belongings there while he had gone to place the long-distance call to his wife. The ferry left Ludington bound for Manitowoc, Wisconsin, at 7:15 and it reached the Wisconsin side of Lake Michigan at 11:30.

It wasn't until 12:30 A.M. that a crew member noticed that one car remained in the dock parking lot.

"Someone's still dozing in his cabin," grunted the skipper. "Let's see. That would be Kolarik, Lawrence. Go on down and rouse him out. We've got to make the return trip."

The crewman reported back that Kolarik was not in his cabin but that his suitcase and belongings were still there, and the bed had not been slept in.

The skipper clapped a palm to his forehead and groaned. "We must have left him back in Ludington!"

If Lawrence Kolarik had been left behind in Ludington, the Mason County sheriff's office could find no clue to his whereabouts. When they called off the search after several days, the authorities had to admit that another person had completely vanished from Ludington without leaving a trace.

It hardly seemed likely that Lawrence Kolarik had been a suicide case. He had just purchased a new home, expressed happiness in his work, been praised by his superiors, and had just talked to his wife of his eagerness to rejoin his family.

The only other "rational" explanation that police officials toyed with for a time was the possibility that Kolarik had met with foul play in that brief hour between the time that he had talked with his wife and the time that he was due to sail on the ferry. No evidence was discovered to support this theory, however, and no answer has been offered that completely satisfies the survivors of those eight people who have disappeared in Michigan's "port of vanishing people."

THE VISION THAT TOLD OF WHERE THE BODY WAS

Oscar Luther had had the dream quite early in the evening of March 3, 1940, and it had so disturbed him that he had been unable to sleep again that night.

He had seen the three boys drifting down the Zumbro River in the water tank that they had commandeered for a boat, just as he had read about it in the newspaper. The tank had tipped over, sending the Rochester, Minnesota, teen-agers into the cold water. Two of the boys had made it to shore, but fourteen-year-old Gordon Reiss had drowned, and his body had been carried two miles downstream where it now lay partially buried in a sand pit.

But how could Oscar Luther know this? The local newspaper headlined the fact that the boy's body remained undiscovered after a two-day search.

Luther sat up in bed for the rest of the night and pondered his mysterious dream. A partial invalid, he had never been walking along the banks of the Zumbro River and had certainly never seen the area in which the boy had drowned. But, he shook his head, it all seemed so real. As if the corpse itself had given him the message.

Early the next morning, he called Fire Chief C. E. Ginther, the man who had been directing sixty volunteers in the search that had begun on the Saturday afternoon the Reiss boy had drowned.

"Chief," Luther began. "This may sound weird, but I know where you can find the body of Gordon Reiss."

"Who is this?" Chief Ginther snapped, suspecting that a prankster with a warped sense of humor might be at the other end of the line.

"This is Oscar Luther. I don't know how I know this, but I know it. I can even draw you a map of the area."

"But aren't you the. . . ."

"That's right," Luther interrupted. "I'm the fellow in the wheelchair. Last night when I went to bed, I knew no more about the drowning than what I had read in the newspaper. Now, this morning, I know everything there is to know about the tragedy—including where the body can be found."

Despite his strange story, Luther's obvious sincerity and intelligence convinced Chief Ginther to send a man over for the map. Late that afternoon, using the crudely drawn map as a guide, George Wood discovered the body, half-buried in the sand at the exact spot that Luther had indicated.

"It was incredible," Wood said. "Luther had never seen the site in his life, yet his map of the area was completely detailed and correct in every way."

THE CLOUD THAT PARALYZED A STEAMSHIP

An awesome occurrence of mass hysteria or another of the many unsolved mysteries of the sea? How would you explain the strange "magnetic cloud" that paralyzed the British steamship *Mohican* on July 31, 1904?

The steamship was making for the Delaware Breakwater when the navigator reported that the compass was behaving in a peculiar manner. Captain Urquhart investigated his officer's complaint and discovered the compass needle revolving around its glass as it it had gone berserk.

The officers had little time to marvel over this peculiar phenomenon, however. Within moments, the vessel had been brought to a complete standstill.

"Full speed ahead," Captain Urquhart shouted into the speaking tube that led to the engine room. "What's wrong down there?"

"We're feeding the coal to her, Captain," replied a bewildered voice. "'But it's like something is holding us in the water. We can't move."

Captain Urquhart stepped out onto the deck and was stunned by what he saw. The *Mohican* was completely enveloped by a strangely glowing cloud, which gave the illusion that the entire steamship was on fire. Crewmen seemed to be coated with phosphorus and moved about on deck like eerie phantoms.

Captain Urquhart said: "The seamen were in terror. Their hair stood straight on end, not from fright so much as from the magnetic power of the cloud. I tried to calm them, but the situation was beyond me.

"For a half-hour we were enveloped in that mysterious

vapor. Suddenly the cloud began to lift. The phosphorescent glow of the ship began to fade. It gradually died away, and in a few minutes the cloud passed and we saw it moving off to sea."

PREMONITIONS OF DEATH IN VIETNAM

It was April, 1966. Pfc. Hiram Strickland's unit had received their orders: launch a battlefield assault against the Viet Cong.

The husky Strickland bent to pick up his field pack, then hesitated, reached inside the pack and got out paper and pencil. He had suddenly experienced an overwhelming desire to write to his parents in Burlington, North Carolina. For some unexplainable reason, he knew that it would be the last letter that he would ever write.

"I am writing this letter as my last one," he began. "You've probably already received word that I'm dead. . . ."

Tragically, Pfc. Strickland's premonition proved to be an accurate one. A week after his parents had received the official notification of their son's death, they received the letter containing the fatal prophecy.

Every battlefield since man began to wage war has had its tales of men who have had premonitions of death before meeting the enemy. Combat veterans hesitate before discrediting these weird "hunches," for they have seen them come true too often to treat them with blanket skepticism.

Sgt. John Payne of Tampa, Florida, told war correspondent Tom Tiede that there was a fellow in his outfit who predicted other marines' deaths. "He's absolutely serious," Payne said. "He says that he can see it in their eyes."

In a story datelined Da Nang, Vietnam, Tiede told of a 9th Regiment marine who, on completion of his thirteen-month tour of duty, asked to have his enlistment extended.

His friends immediately wanted to know the reason. Why had he tossed off a return trip stateside for the jungles and death of Vietnam? He put them off at first with talk of patriotism and duty to his country. Later, he confided that he knew that he was to die there in Vietnam.

Two days later, lying in a rice paddy, the marine picked off over a dozen Viet Cong before a VC sniper snuffed out his life.

THE PHANTOM NIGHTWALKER OF NAGO

The marine ground the cigarette butt into the ashtray of the taxicab as it carried him back to Camp Schwab near Naha, Okinawa. The weekend pass had been wasted. He would have had more action if he had stayed on base and played poker with the boys. Why did the officers always have a monopoly on the pretty girls?

He glanced idly out the windshield of the cab and put up an open palm to stifle a wide-mouthed yawn. Then it was his eyes that became wide, and he swallowed the yawn with a gulp. There, spotlighted by the headlights, was as pretty a girl as he had ever seen on the island.

"Cabbie," the marine grinned. "Stop this heap on a dime!"

The cabdriver slowed to a halt beside the young woman, and the marine opened the back door. "Going somewhere, sugar?"

The girl had short-cropped black hair that swung slightly as she nodded her head.

"Then you might as well go there with me," the marine invited. "Get in."

The girl smiled. Her form-fitting black slacks sheathed a fine pair of legs that easily passed muster. She slid into the cab, and the marine slid an arm around her shoulders.

"My name . . ." he began, then blinked his eyes in astonishment. His mouth dropped open, and he tried for words, but no intelligible sounds were able to force themselves past the amazement that had warped his vocal cords. The cabdriver glanced curiously into his rear-view mirror, did a double take, and slammed on the brakes.

Before the eyes of the two startled men, the lovely young girl was slowly fading away into nothingness. Within moments, the open-mouthed marine was alone in the back seat, his trembling hands trying to retain a tiny portion of the girl, who truly had been a "vision of loveliness."

The first taxi driver to tell of seeing the phantom nightwalker of Nago was Yoshio Higa. He said that she had flagged him down on the highway and asked him to take her to Nago. As they had neared the village, Higa had turned around in the front seat to ask the girl specifically where she wanted to go. He was amazed to discover that she had disappeared.

Another driver, Katsu Yamashiro, was taking a woman passenger from Nago to Henoko. "Look out for the woman in the road!" his passenger had shouted to him.

There was no one in the road, so Yamashiro merely smiled at his fare and thought that she had been celebrating a bit too much. On the return trip, however, Yamashiro stopped to pick up a woman at the same spot. Before he could inquire about her destination, the phantom hitchhiker dissolved before his eyes.

Other cabdrivers, who have seen the nightwalker of Nago, say that she always appears at the same spot on a mountain road which leads from Camp Schwab to the village of Nago. They have dubbed the spot, "Ghost Corner."

THE MONSTER OF GLAMIS

Princess Margaret of England was born in a haunted castle with its own grotesque monster-in-residence. While the British Isles can boast of many spectral visitants in its castle corridors, Glamis Castle is the only one that can claim an indestructible, flesh-and-blood monster that resides in a hidden mystery room.

Glamis is one of the most ancient of Scottish castles, and as it purports to be the actual scene of Macbeth's foul murder of Duncan, there is little wonder that the old fortress shelters a number of extremely active phantoms. For centuries, inhabitants of the castle claim to have seen ghostly reenactments of the erection of a scaffold for the widow of the sixth Lord Glamis, who was hanged as a witch; the accidental death of the eighth Lord Glamis; the agonizing natural death of the fifth Earl of Strathmore; and the murder of another Earl of Strathmore during a game of cards at the castle.

One of the more foul deeds committed by a Lord of Glamis Castle concerns the mass murder of a party of Ogilvies, who arrived at the castle and begged for refuge from a band of pursuing Lindsays. The Lord of Glamis pretended to be sympathetic to their cause and locked them up in a secret dungeon, promising to shelter them from the Lindsays and to bring them food and drink. When the leader of the Lindsays arrived at the castle, Lord Glamis winked, held up the key to the thick stone door, and told the man not to worry about the Ogilvies any longer. Lord Glamis had sealed them away to starve to death.

A later Lord Glamis, a bit less awed by manifestations of the supernatural than had been some of his predecessors, led a number of his servants in an investigation of ghostly noises that had been disturbing the sleep of the household. They managed to trace the spectral sounds to a large room in an unused portion of the castle. At last Lord Glamis found a key to fit the ancient lock. As the door swung open, Lord Glamis buckled to the floor in a faint. The wide-eyed servants, who caught their swooning lord, were horrified to behold a room filled with skeletons. From the position of the skeletal frames, it was easy to determine that they had died gnawing one another's flesh.

But back to the monster. All chroniclers of Glamis agree that it resides somewhere in a secret room, and generations of servants have sworn that they have heard its shuffling feet and hideous half-human cries as it emerges for its nocturnal prowlings.

According to Augustus Hare, who visited the castle in 1877, a ghastly chamber, within a deep wall, hides a "secret transmitted from the fourteenth century, which is always known to three persons. When one of the triumvirate dies, the survivors are compelled by a terrible oath to elect a successor."

Sir Walter Scott, in his famous *Demonology and Witchcraft,* also stated the ritual of the select three with their terrible secret. Scott wrote that the only people to know the location of the hidden room were the Earl, his steward, and the heir upon his coming of age.

The monster, according to legend, is a Lord Glamis, who, while innocent and in his mother's womb, received the brunt of a curse on the family—a curse which dictated that he be born a half-human monster who should live in misshapen form for all eternity. When the child was delivered, it was indeed found to be a grotesque monstrosity, and the brutish baby was hidden away by his father in a secret room. Here, for centuries, three people have been selected to care and look out for the monster.

A persistent legend tells of a Lady of Glamis who was determined to discover the location of the secret room and view the monster for herself. While Lord Glamis was away on a trip, she instructed her guests, who were quite eager to help her solve the mystery, to hang a towel from every window in the castle. The window without a towel, she reasoned, would be the secret room.

After the party had draped a towel in every visible window, they encircled the castle to see if any opening might be without a towel. One window remained undraped, but the searchers had no luck in their several attempts to locate the hidden room. They could only conclude that the secret chamber lay deep within a wall.

Lord Glamis returned home to find the guests and his lady still engaged in their all-out search for the monster of Glamis. He was enraged, for he had no intention that the terrible family secret should ever become public knowledge. After a violent quarrel with her indignant husband, Lady Glamis left the castle, never to return.

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S COUNTRY GHOST

"Either I get another room or I quit!" the frightened and angry footman told the manager of the royal family's country estate. "All night long I heard that bloody thing in my room. It sounded like a huge, grotesque lung breathing in and out. No man can sleep under those conditions."

Servants at Sandringham, the country house of England's royal family, have been finding it difficult to sleep for many generations. According to those who inhabit the servants' quarters, the rooms are haunted by a noisy and invisible prankster.

"The disturbances always begin on Christmas Eve," said one maid who had been in the employ of the royal family for several years. "After getting off to a good start on Christmas Eve, we can look forward to enduring the ghost's pranks for six to eight weeks."

According to the housemaids, the most frequently haunted spot is that of the sergeant footman's corridor on the second floor. "I refuse to go there alone," confessed a maid, "and I know some of the girls won't go there to clean or dust at all."

The lively ghost's regular regimen includes thudding footsteps in the corridors late at night, opening doors when no one is near them, and clicking light switches on and off.

"And he's terrible about Christmas cards," complained a maid. "He moves them about from one wall to another or dumps them on the floor to have done with them completely. Sometimes he musses up beds, too. Each time I've come back to my room to find it messed up, I've had the door locked and the key in my pocket."

THE PHANTOM NUN OF BORLEY

The Reverend Henry Bull, the man who built Borley Rectory for his family of fourteen, bricked up the window to the left of the front door to prevent the phantom nun from looking in at him while he was eating dinner.

Unfortunately for any semblance of domestic tranquility in the Bull household, the clergyman had erected his rectory along a path that had come to be known as the "Nun's Walk." Traditionally, the sorrowing sister had walked along a path in the garden and had been seen by scores of Borley villagers throughout the centuries. According to legend, the shade is that of a young nun who fell in love with a groom, who was employed by monks in an ancient monastery said to have been in existence near the old church in Borley. The monks got wind of the approaching elopement, beheaded the groom, and walled up the young nun as an object lesson. Since that time, in the dim past of the Middle Ages, the nun is reported to have haunted Borley.

On the afternoon of July 28, 1900, three of the daughters of Reverend Bull were returning from a lawn party when they all saw the nun, her head bowed, her hands clasped as if saying her beads. Rather than walking, the phantom seemed to be gliding along the garden path where she had been seen so often.

Excitedly, one of the girls ran into the rectory to get an older sister while the other two continued to follow the sad-eyed nun along the path. When the girl returned with the sister, the older girl could not believe that the seemingly solid figure which she saw being pursued by two of her sisters was indeed the legendary phantom nun.

"That is a real nun!" she chided her younger sisters.

"You wait here while I go talk to her and apologize for your rude behavior."

The girl had barely taken two or three steps toward the nun when the hooded figure turned and faced her with an expression of intense sorrow. Miss Bull, who had been on an errand of apology for the misbehavior of her younger sisters, stopped short, her mouth dropping open in stunned surprise. Then, before the terror-widened eyes of all four girls, the nun seemed to dissolve into nothingness.

In the fall of 1927, when the Borley Rectory lay empty, a newcomer to the village, Fred Cartwright, a carpenter, was hired to do some repair work on a number of farm buildings in the area. The shortest route to his work lay directly past the rectory, and each morning he would trudge by the deserted house.

One morning he was surprised to see a Sister of Mercy standing by the rectory gate. She seemed perfectly normal and, although she did not return his greeting, she seemed to be aware of her surroundings. The only thing that struck Fred Cartwright as being odd about the situation was that he could think of no reason for the nun to be standing at the rectory gate so early in the morning.

Two mornings later, he saw her again. It now seemed obvious to Cartwright that the nun was following a definite pattern. Once again she ignored his greeting, and she seemed to be waiting for someone. Although no buses stopped there, Cartwright concluded that she must be waiting for other nuns to pick her up in a car.

It was the middle of the next week when he saw the Sister of Mercy again. Her face seemed drawn, almost anguished, and she stood with her eyes closed.

"The poor woman," he remembered muttering to himself. "Probably been at the bedside of a sick person all night. She's probably nearly asleep on her feet."

The next morning she stood in the same spot again. Cartwright made up his mind that this time he would make a determined attempt to engage the nun in conversation. But as he approached her, she seemed to vanish. Cartwright blinked his eyes in astonishment. He stopped to look behind the gate for her and searched the area for a few moments before he continued on his way to work. He could not figure out how it would be possible for any woman to get out of his sight so rapidly.

That night at the village inn he spoke of the nun for the first time and ended his story by telling how she had seemed to vanish before his eyes that morning. When the villagers present told Cartwright of the legend of the phantom nun of Borley, he refused at first to believe them. He had never taken the figure of the nun to be anything other than a woman of flesh and blood.

The apparition that treads the Nun's Walk is not the only phantom that dwells in Borley Rectory. Since its erection in 1863, the rectory has a most remarkable history of hauntings, including some of the most active poltergeist pranks in the annals of psychical research. Famed investigator Harry Price was moved, in 1929, to dub the Borley Rectory "the most haunted house in England."

THE GHOSTLY FOXHOUNDS AND THE PHANTOM HUNTSMAN

A Yorkshire farmer named Ames recently told of his strange encounter with the Unknown for a British magazine.

Each year the apples on a certain tree in the yard of his farm would wither before they could be harvested. Ames had the tree checked for blight, invested in a much advertised brand of fertilizer, and took every precaution that the agronomists recommended, but nothing seemed to help.

Almost by accident, Ames noticed that the mysterious annual blight of the tree coincided with another strange occurrence on his farm. Ever since he had begun to work the land, he had noticed that once a year, for a period of several days, he would hear the snarling and barking of foxhounds under the apple tree. He had no idea whose dogs they were or where they had come from. Ames kept only one dog on the farm. On a number of occasions he had investigated the raucous canine sounds only to return to his work completely baffled. He was never able to see any foxhounds, and he tried desperately to convince himself that he had not heard any, either.

One day Ames and a friend heard the mysterious barking at the base of the tree.

"I'm glad you hear it, too," Ames told his friend. "I was beginning to fear that I might be going mad."

"There's no mistake," his friend grinned. "Those are most certainly the sounds of foxhounds. Let's go have a look."

Both men broke into a trot and arrived at the tree in time to glimpse the misty outline of a huntsman in a green and black riding outfit flailing about with his arms as if fighting off a fierce, snarling pack of invisible dogs. The sounds of angry foxhounds were unmistakable, and the desperate actions of the phantom huntsman were those of a man engaged in a violent struggle.

Ames and his friend were swept by an eerie sensation. It was rapidly apparent to them that they had stumbled onto a ghostly reenactment of some scene of horrible carnage. At last, before either could free himself of the strange, hypnotic hold of the apparition, the scene began to slowly disintegrate.

"What was that?" Ames managed to whisper after the flailing huntsman and the vicious snarls of the foxhounds had faded back into nothingness.

His friend told him that it was easy enough to say *what* they had seen; but, to him, the great question was *why* had they seen it?

After some inquiry, Ames was able to learn that a pack of foxhounds had been kept on the farm in 1860. According to the story, the hunting master, who cared greatly for the dogs, had developed such a rapport with the animals that they reacted in a manner that was almost human. He was a kindly man who never abused his dogs and who spent nearly all his waking hours seeing to their comfort. The foxhounds had kept up a mournful wailing that lasted for nearly two days when the gentle hunting master was killed in an accident.

Their new master had no desire to emulate his predecessor's style. He was a drunkard who became abusive toward everything and everybody when he was in his cups. He took a sadistic glee in tormenting the dogs with generous beatings and miserly food rations. He never stopped to pet a dog when he could more easily kick it. Then one day, as if by a prearranged signal, the dogs turned on him *en masse*, cornered him under the apple tree, and tore him to pieces. From that time on, the tree had never reached fruition.

"It appears that I have a ghost on my hands," Ames told his friend, Lt. Colonel T. A. Lowe.

"Not just a ghost," Lowe reminded him. "But a whole pack of noisy, spectral hounds."

Lowe, who had some previous experience in psychic matters, suggested that Ames employ a human huntsman in an attempt to call the ghostly hounds away from the haunted apple tree.

"Do you really think that would work?" Ames asked his friend.

"It is certainly worth a try, isn't it?" Lowe shrugged. "But you should make the attempt now while the cycle of the haunting is in full power."

Ames managed to hire a local master of foxhounds and briefly explained the situation to him.

"Now, let's get this straight, sir," the huntsman said, raising an eyebrow. "You want me to come out to your farm tonight and have a try at calling some ghostly foxhounds with my horn?"

"I'm perfectly serious about this," Ames told the man. "You'll see for yourself tonight."

That night, at the usual hour, Ames and the huntsman were alerted by the baying of foxhounds under the apple tree.

"You're not bothered by any ghosts," the master of hounds laughed. "Evidently somebody's been a bit careless with his kennel gates and a pack of hounds has been doing a bit of midnight marauding so to speak."

The two men walked out to the yard. "Listen to those hounds," the huntsman chuckled, the vicarious thrill of the hunt making him tremble with excitement. "I wonder what they think they've got treed."

He gave a crack of his whip and called to the dogs. The timbre of authority in his voice had the desired effect. The air around the two men was suddenly filled with the padding of the hounds' invisible feet and the lusty baying from their spectral throats.

"Good lord!" the master of hounds gasped. "I hear them all around me, but I can't see a bloomin' hair of a foxhound!"

"Go on with it, man!" Ames shouted at the huntsman. "Call them out of here!"

With the handicap of some rapidly chattering teeth, the master of hounds fitted the horn's mouthpiece to his lips and blew the "Going Home" call.

"At once," Ames was quoted for the magazine article written by Lt. Colonel T. A. Lowe, "the ghostly noises faded away and the two of us were alone."

TELEPATHY FROM A 2000-YEAR-OLD GRAVE

Dr. Ervin Bonkalo stopped digging in the sun-parched Italian soil long enough to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

"One has to admire the ancient peoples for building a civilization here in the first place," he said to one of his fellow archeologists as he leaned on a shovel to catch his breath. "Do you suppose it was this hot in northern Italy 2500 years ago?"

His friend answered him, but Dr. Bonkalo never heard the reply. He had suddenly become distracted in a most eerie and peculiar way. There, just a few yards in front of him, was a shimmering vision of a lovely young girl with long, raven-black hair. In her arms she cradled a harp, and she smiled at him as she walked languorously toward a crumbling wall.

Seized by some unnamable compulsion, Dr. Bonkalo climbed out of the excavation and began to follow the young girl, who was now idly plucking at the strings of the harp.

"Hey, Ervin," his associate called after him. "Where are you going?"

Dr. Bonkalo seemed not to hear as he continued to walk some four hundred feet to confront the vision at the base of the old wall. Then, as he stretched his hands out in an attempt to touch her, she faded away.

Dr. Bonkalo suddenly became aware that he was surrounded by solicitous members of the expedition. Some were offering him water from their canteens; others were pressing soaked handkerchiefs to his face and wrists and beseeching him to accompany them to a shady place.

"I haven't had too much sun," he laughed at the anxious expressions on the face of his friends. "But I know that if we dig here, we shall find a grave over 2000 years old."

"But Ervin," a skeptical member of the expedition pointed out, "this wall is not more than 150 years old."

Dr. Bonkalo shrugged. "It has been built over an old grave. A grave of a lovely young girl. A girl, I am sure, of Greek descent."

"Greek descent? We are digging near Merano, Italy, remember?" another skeptic protested.

Dr. Bonkalo frowned and the steady tone of his voice convinced the party of the seriousness of his claim. "You cannot deny the cultural interchange that took place between the ancient Italians and the Greeks. Anyway I'm going to dig here. The efforts of any volunteers will be most sincerely appreciated."

With the determination of Dr. Bonkalo as their only impetus, the archeological expedition made an excavation at the spot their associate had indicated. To their amazement, they did indeed uncover a gravestone.

"It is hers," Dr. Bonkalo whispered reverently as he studied the carving that had been made in the stone. The chiseled representation was that of a long-haired girl playing a harp—the very girl whom he had seen in his vision.

When the grave was opened, it yielded the final confirmation of Dr. Ervin Bonkalo's strange expedition into the unknown. There, surrounded by jewels and a richly bedecked harp, was the skeleton of what was later determined to be a seventeen-year-old girl of Greek descent.

THE APPARITION THAT HANGED A MURDERER

A man dressed in a police uniform rode at a slow trot down the back country road of Queensland, Australia. He had ridden the entire day over the dusty trail, and now as the sun was dipping toward the western horizon, he realized that he was nearing his destination and the thought of food and drink made him urge his horse a little faster.

Dirk Travers was on his way to replace a police inspector in a country district of Queensland. The man he was replacing, John Digsby, had wished to retire because his health was slipping. To Travers this job was a promotion, and it made the chore of the long dusty ride a little more bearable.

Suddenly his horse broke the trot and swerved violently toward the side of the road. He quickly reined the beast in, wondering what had frightened it. The horse started steadily down the road again, and Travers returned his attention to the road. To his astonishment he saw a tollgate stretching across the path. One minute the road had been a straight trail extending out of sight, and the next moment a tollgate had popped into view. Travers frowned his puzzlement. He knew that there had been no such gate on the road since he had joined the Queensland police force.

He urged his skittish horse a little closer, then reined the animal sharply when he saw an old man with long white hair stagger onto the road. He appeared to be exhausted, his legs wobbly. Close on his heels was a big man who carried an axe. The old man sank feebly to his knees, and without hesitation, the big man brought the axe down, splitting open the white-haired man's skull. Grinning fiendishly, the murderer picked up the blood-splattered body of the man and carried it and the axe off the road into some dense cover. At that instant, the tollgate disappeared, and the straight road extended to the horizon again.

Travers shook his head, wondering if the day-long ride had been too much for his mind. But his horse was trembling under him, and he realized that it, too, had sensed the weird phenomenon. When Travers had gathered enough courage, he urged his horse forward to the spot where he had seen the murder occur. Hidden in the tall trees was a house that had hitherto been invisible.

But there was no sign of a tollgate, no sign of a struggle, or even any blood.

Travers still tried to shake his head clear of the vision. Although he had ridden the road several times, he wondered whether he had somehow made a wrong turn. He stopped in front of the house to ask how far he would have to travel to get to the police station.

A trickle of terror ran down his spinal cord, for the man who greeted his call to the house was the same man whom he had seen perform the murder and then vanish just minutes before. Hiding his astonishment as best he could, Travers asked the man how far it was to the police station.

In a gruff voice, the burly man gave him the directions. Still dazed by the strange sequence of events, Travers proceeded on his way.

At the police station, Travers talked to John Digsby and found that the man was indeed run-down, but that his haggard physical condition had obviously been brought on by excessive drink. Even as Travers talked to him, the inspector nipped at a bottle of whiskey.

After they had eaten, Travers was surprised to hear Digsby's words of caution about making friends with his nearest neighbor. After the inspector had described the place, Travers was sure that it was the same house at which he had stopped for directions.

Considering this a natural place to tell his story, Travers related the paranormal event which had taken place in the late afternoon. The inspector had a strange reaction to the story. His face turned a ghastly white, and he seemed to be stung by every word that came out of Travers' mouth. At the end of the story, the inspector sat bolt upright, and his eyes peered intently into Travers'. His throat worked at a furious rate, and he began choking and coughing until his lips were covered with foam and flecks of blood.

Thinking that it was the result of alcohol, Travers immediately put the man to bed. As the night waned, however, it became obvious that Inspector Digsby's illness was more than temporary. He was delirous and thrashing about most of the time, expending the energy he needed to survive.

Toward morning the delirium abated, but Digsby became weaker and weaker during the next day. By afternoon, he realized that he did not have long to live. With a painful effort, he propped himself on his elbow and called Travers to his bedside.

"I think I'm on the way out, and I would like to ease my conscience of an unbearable burden. For years I've sought to drown the memory in drink, but your seeing the apparition at the tollgate has revived all the hideous reality of the past. Please take down what I tell you."

Travers produced pen and paper and began taking down the weird story that the man related. It appears that soon after Digsby had come to the district station, he had fallen in with a girl named Nellie Watts. The girl was the daughter of Reuben Watts, the man who lived in the small house down the road, and who, years before, had operated a tollgate on the road. The man was a hard drinker and a gambler and given to all sorts of schemes. Digsby had begun playing friendly card games with him, but the games had quickly become serious business when Watts insisted that large sums of money be placed on the table.

Watts usually won, mainly because Digsby was too drunk to observe his cheating. As his gambling debts mounted, Digsby succumbed to temptation and began dipping into the public coffers to which he had access.

Not long after Digsby had begun to embezzle public funds, an old man had come to Watt's house to ask for shelter on a dark and violently stormy night. He had recently returned from prospecting and was planning to retire. He was willing to pay well, he said, and flashed a big wad of bills and a bag of gold before Watts and Digsby.

Watts let the man in and then related his plan to Digsby. He wanted to kill the old man and would divide the money with the police officer. At first, Digsby would have no part of it, but then Watts threatened to reveal that Digsby had been pilfering district funds. Later in the evening, Watts drugged the old man's whiskey, and when it had taken effect, he reached for the prospector's pouch of gold. Although the old man was groggy, he dimly realized what was happening and managed to stagger away from Watts' grasp. He moved out of the house and stumbled onto the road. Watts, in the meantime, had run to the back of his small house and picked up an axe. Without further deliberation, he carried it to the road where he found the old man and split his skull. Digsby had helped Watts bury the old man in the back yard under a tree and had divided the money with him.

Shortly after Digsby signed the confession, he died. With a sense of irony, Travers requested that Watts come and help with the burial of the former police inspector. After the body had been buried, Travers arrested Watts. The confession of Digsby, together with the exhumed skull of the old man, which had clearly been split, served to convict Watts of murder.

THE DAY IT RAINED FLESH

The September 6, 1964 issue of the *Nashville Tennessean Magazine* carried an article about the strangest shower ever recorded in the state's history.

The bizarre sky-dropping took place on the farm of E. M. Chandler on August 17, 1841. Chandler was visiting with J. M. Peyton of Lebanon, who had just stopped by to chat, when several Negro slaves ran up to him, babbling excitedly.

"Who gave you leave to quit work?" Chandler frowned. The slaves had been working a tobacco field in a distant corner of the farm.

"Master! Master!" one of them cried, "it's raining blood and meat out in dat field!"

As Chandler and his friend walked out to the field to investigate the Negroes' fantastic claim, they learned the details of the bloody shower. It seemed that the slaves' attention had been drawn skyward by one of their number, who, pausing to wipe a sweaty brow, had noticed a small red cloud moving swiftly across an otherwise cloudless sky. As the red cloud passed over the opposite end of the field from the one that the slaves were working, it gave off a sharp noise, like a crack of thunder, and dropped its bloody refuse on the green leaves of the tobacco plants.

When the farm owner and his friend arrived in the field, they saw that the slaves had been speaking truthfully. Tobacco leaves dripped with a bloodlike liquid and shreds and chunks of flesh were scattered over the ground.

Scientists soon arrived in droves to investigate the report that Chandler filed. Newspapers throughout the nation gave a detailed report of the incident to incredulous readers.

Dr. Gerald Troost, internationally famous for his discoveries in pharmacy and geology, concluded that "the flesh is without doubt animal matter which has originated on this earth. I feel that the 'blood,' however, is not actually blood, but rain that has picked up some red dust and some gummy substance."

But how had the flesh got up into the sky in the first place, and why had the little red cloud decided to dump its cargo over the farm in Wilson County, Tennessee?

Buzzards, speculated one scientist, had dropped fragments of a meal while flying over the tobacco field. A wind storm, theorized another, had scooped up the remains of a decomposed animal and scattered it miles away, on Chandler's tobacco farm.

Before we leave the reader to puzzle out his own theory, consider these two additional cases of falling flesh.

On August 9, 1869, hundreds of pounds of shredded flesh "rained" down on the ranch of a man named Hudson, who lived in Los Nietos Township, California. The mysterious flesh had fine black bristles on one edge, but scientists were unable to determine the animal from which the specimens had come.

On March 3, 1876, in Bath County, Kentucky, investigators from the college in Lexington reported a shower of "half a wagon load of pieces of fresh meat, sliced into thin strips, some of it quite bloody, all of it strung out across two hillsides on the same farm in a band about fifty feet wide and about three hundred feet long."

More buzzards?

THE SECRETARY WHO STEPPED INTO THE PAST

It soon becomes apparent to the psychic researcher that man really knows very little about that mystery he calls "time." Will it ever become possible to put lines of demarcation around past, present, and future? If any such sections of time exist at the present, the files of psychic researchers are overflowing with carefully documented accounts of people who have suddenly and inadvertently found themselves transgressing the boundaries.

Thomas A. Edison theorized that since no form of energy is ever lost, scenes of the past have become imprinted somewhere in the "psychic" ether just as images are registered on motion picture film. If the famous "electrical wizard" was correct, this meant that a person of the proper sensitivity might be able to pick up the etheric images and literally see that "strip of film" of the past being played over on the "screen" of his mind.

Perhaps such a person was Mrs. Coleen Buterbaugh of Lincoln, Nebraska.

On October 23, 1963, Mrs. Buterbaugh was walking across the campus of Nebraska Wesleyan where she is a secretary to Dr. Sam Dahl, Dean of the college. At exactly 8:50 A.M., she entered the old C.C. White Building, which is used primarily as a music hall. Her heels clicked softly as she walked down a long corridor to an office at the end. She could hear the sound of a marimba being coaxed into melody by a practicing student. Yawning, whispering students were changing their first-hour classes for either another classroom session or a welcome cup of morning coffee, just before Mrs. Buterbaugh entered the office of Dr. Tom McCourt, a visiting lecturer from Scotland. It was, she mused to herself, a typical early morning scene at Nebraska Wesleyan. But what waited for

Coleen Buterbaugh in Dr. McCourt's office was far from typical.

As she stepped into the two-room suite, Mrs. Buterbaugh was struck by an almost overwhelming odor of musty air. When she opened the door to the office, she had observed that both rooms were empty and that the windows were open. But now . . . "I had the strange feeling that I was not in the office alone," she later told Rose Sipe of the Lincoln *Evening Journal*. "I looked up, and for what must have been just a few seconds saw the figure of a woman, standing with her back to me, at a cabinet in the second office. She was reaching up into one of the drawers."

Mrs. Buterbaugh could no longer hear the noisy babble of the students in the outer hall as they passed from their classes. She had the eerie feeling that she had suddenly become isolated from present-tense reality.

The "other" secretary, who seemed to be filing cards so industriously, was tall, slender, and dark-haired. Her clothing was definitely of another period—a long-sleeved white shirtwaist, an ankle-length brown skirt.

"I still felt that I was not alone," Mrs. Buterbaugh told the newswoman. "I felt the presence of a man sitting at the desk to my left, but as I turned around there was no one there.

"I gazed out the large window behind the desk and the scenery seemed to be that of many years ago. There were no streets. The new Willard sorority house that now stands across the lawn was not there; nothing outside was modern.

"By then I was frightened, so I turned and left the room!"

Mrs. Buterbaugh hurried back to her desk in Dean Dahl's office. All the way across campus she kept trying to convince herself that her imagination had been playing tricks on her. She sat down at her typewriter, fitted the dictaphone plug to her ear and tried to work on the letters that the Dean had dictated. It was no good. Her nervous and shaken fingers refused to obey the recorded voice of her boss. She had erased her tenth consecutive error when she decided that she simply must tell the story to someone. It was too much for her to keep to herself.

When she entered the Dean's office, he rose to his feet and helped her to a chair, for she seemed so pale and shaken that Dean Dahl feared he was about to have a fainting woman on his hands.

He listened to her story, and then, without mocking comment, asked her to accompany him to the office of Dr. Glenn Callan, chairman of the division of social sciences, who has been on the Wesleyan faculty since 1900. Again, Mrs. Buterbaugh was fortunate enough to have a listener who heard her out and treated her story with respect.

After carefully quizzing Mrs. Buterbaugh and piecing together a number of clues from her strange tale of a step into the past, Dr. Callan concluded that the secretary had somehow managed to "walk" into the office as it had been at some time in the 1920's. The apparition she had seen had undoubtedly been that of Miss Clara Mills, whose office it then was. Miss Mills had come to Wesleyan as head of the theory department and instructor in piano and music appreciation. The music teacher had been found dead in her office in the late 1930's.

MINNESOTA'S LOST RACE OF GIANTS

The hoaxers who planted the famous Cardiff Giant had no difficulty in getting the crowds to line up and pay for a glimpse at the big phoney. Even the eventual exposure of the gypsum-made giant did not deter either the city or the country folks from paying for a peek at the "petrified" man. It seems that people have always believed in a race of giants. Not the mountainous kind that came tumbling down out of Jack's beanstalk, but real giants like Goliath of Gath, who reached a respectable height of nine feet nine inches, or John Middleton, the sixteenth-century English giant who stood nine feet three inches tall.

Scriptures tell us that "in those days there were giants in the earth," and certain examples of "giant" architecture seem to support this biblical claim. Richard Halliburton, in his book *The Flying Carpet*, describes a city in the Arabian Desert that appears to have been hewn out of solid rock.

Charles Fort wondered if Stonehenge might not have been the work of a giant people.

The American Indians, almost to a tribe, had an oral tradition that told of "the giants of long ago." Jesse J. Benton, in his *Cow by the Tail*, tells of finding a skull in a cliff dwelling on which his size 7 1/8 Stetson sat like "one of those tiny hats merrymakers wear on New Years Eve." To top it off, Benton claimed that the ancient skull sported a gold tooth!

The oral tradition of the Delaware Indians tells of a pact with the Iroquois to unite against a common enemy, the Alligewi, whom they describe as being gigantic in size. The Sioux claim to have annihilated a tribe of people "of huge stature, but very cowardly, "when they moved up into Minnesota, centuries ago.

Were the mysterious and forgotten people who built the famous Indian mounds in Minnesota a lost race of giants, who were chased out of the eastern hunting grounds by the Delaware and the Iroquois only to be exterminated by the Sioux? And if so, did "the giants of long ago" leave behind any skeletal remains or artifacts to serve as a reminder of their existence?

Volume One of the *Minnesota Geological Survey* records an incident at Desbach, Minnesota, in which two brothers, who were expanding their brickyard, cut into some Indian mounds and unearthed the "bones of men over eight feet tall." The bones crumbled when exposed to air.

At nearby La Crescent, excavators found an enormous copper skillet in an Indian mound along with "bones of men of huge stature."

The Chatfield, Minnesota *Democrat* reported a mound excavation that yielded six skeletons of "men of enormous size."

On June 29, 1888, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* carried a story that told of the discovery of the remains of seven skeletons "seven to eight feet tall." According to the excavators, the Indians had been buried head downward and had skulls with "receding foreheads and teeth that were double all the way around, not like those of the present race of men."

The *Pioneer Press* published an even more extraordinary news story on May 23, 1883, when a mound near Warren, Minnesota was opened and produced ten skeletons "of both sexes and of gigantic size" along with the skeletal remains of dogs and *horses*. According to zoologists, the horse is not indigenous to the United States. The huge herds of mustangs that roamed the southwestern prairies, and all the Indian ponies that the Sioux and Comanches used to terminate many a wagon train's dream of settling on new lands, were all supposed to be descended from a few horses that escaped from the conquistadores in the sixteenth century. The fact that the skeletons of horses were found with the skeletal remains of a giant race must mean that either the horse is truly native to the North American continent or else the giants were still a flourishing people as late as the seventeenth century. Only a wealthy people can afford to bury horses with their dead.

The book, *Aborigines of Minnesota,* details the excavation of Grand Mound in Itasca County. This huge mound contained seashells from "either California or the Gulf of Mexico"—quite a trek indeed for primitive hunting tribes. This same book records the opening of the McKinstry Mounds in which over one hundred skeletons were found, "some of the men over ten feet tall."

Over ten feet tall! Although the report did not say whether all the skeletons were those of giants, if even a quarter of them attained that stature, it would seem that yet another legend, that of the Indians' "giants of long ago," has found its rightful place in our world of reality.

THE INDIAN CURSE THAT DESTROYED A STATE CAPITAL

The lovely young girl finally stopped laughing at the man long enough to reply to his question. "Marry you?" she echoed his words with the sting of feminine mockery. "Do you really think that I would come live with you in some wigwam in the woods? I'm no squaw!"

The stoic features of the Algonquin chieftain sank into a mask of sorrow. He had been attracted to the beautiful French girl for the very first time that he had ventured into Kaskaskia, the first capital of Illinois. Now, his offer of marriage had been spurned.

"I will offer your father many ponies in addition to the furs that I have brought today," the Algonquin said hopefully, ignorant of the ways of the white man's frontier which allowed a girl to choose her own husband. Perhaps in the Old Country the girl's father might have been tempted by such an offer to "buy" his daughter. But here, in the New World, a father no longer arranged his daughter's marriage.

"Take your smelly old furs away and stop bothering me!" At her angry shout, the girl's husky brother and a number of villagers began to move menacingly toward the rejected Indian suitor. They needed little excuse as it was to tack an Algonquin's hide to a barn door. The fledgling government had ordered that they attempt to live in peace with the Indians, but surely no government official would condone an Algonquin trying to molest a white woman.

The chieftain, infuriated by the rejection of his proposal, leaped onto his pony and glared at the villagers. He knew that there was not enough time to reclaim his furs, but he would have plenty of time to pronounce a malediction on the village of Kaskaskia.

With an angry shout, he cursed: "May the filthy spot on which your church stands be destroyed, may your homes and farms be ruined, may your dead be torn from their graves, and may your land be a feeding place for fishes!"

A rock struck the Algonquin on the forehead, and he swayed dizzily on his mount. He touched his fingers gingerly to the wound and frowned at the blood on his hand. He leaned forward on his pony and spat on the ground; then he raced out of the village.

Because the Algonquin pronounced his curse in 1819, it is unlikely that he lived to see it fulfilled. But, in 1881, the flooding Mississippi River acted as the agent that carried out the Indian's curse, item for item. The violence of the waters completely destroyed the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The flood drowned the crops of the French settlers and scooped out the dead from their graves. Nearly all of the houses in the village were carried away by the rampaging waters.

As the ultimate fulfillment of the curse, the turbulent waters created a new channel, placing the original village of Kaskaskia in the middle of the stream—a true "feeding place for fishes."

THE HORROR OF CROWLEY'S CURSE

The fact that Aleister Crowley delighted in being called the most wicked man in the world should tell us a great deal about his character and general personality. Crowley was the last of the great devil worshippers and an ostentatious practitioner of black "magick." This man, who named himself "the Beast," lived a life filled with incredible and vile excesses of every sort imaginable. It amazed his personal physician that he had ever lived to see the age of seventy-two.

But now, in 1948, "the Beast" lay dying on his bed in Hastings, England. He was suffering from excruciating pain and he begged his doctor, William Brown Thomson, to renew his prescription for morphine.

"It is out of the question, Crowley," Dr. Thomson answered brusquely.

"But morphine squelches the pain," Crowley pleaded. "Please, doctor. I must have it."

Dr. Thomson clicked his stethoscope together in his left hand and dropped it into his bag. "Crowley," he began coldly, I am not renewing your prescription because you have been obtaining morphine from some other source."

"That's not true, Dr. Thomson," Crowley protested. "I swear by . . ."

"You needn't bother swearing by any of your black gods," Dr. Thomson told him. "You cannot hide the truth from me. You have been taking morphine in doses that are far too dangerous for your weakened system. If I have been chosen for the dubious honor of preserving your life, then I must take the course of action that seems best for you. You shall surely die if you inadvertently give yourself an overdose of morphine."

"But the pain, doctor," Crowley moaned. "The terrible pain. Have you no compassion?"

"Compassion is cheap enough," the physician told him. "It's your life that you should be holding dear right now."

"Damn you!" Crowley cursed. "The pain is unbearable! Renew my prescription. I command you!"

"I'm not one of your obedient disciples, Crowley," Dr. Thomson sighed. "I'm withdrawing your prescription entirely. You can continue to get morphine illegally from your supplier. I'm certain that your lines of connection are still open."

With a great grimace of pain and a supreme effort of will, Crowley managed to prop himself up on his elbows. "Thomson!" he shouted in a horrible croaking voice. "You miserable pill-peddling charlatan. If I should die of pain, I swear upon the name of the Great Spirit Taphtatharath that you shall die within twenty-four hours of my own death."

A hooded disciple of "the Beast," who had been standing by Crowley's bedside in respectful silence throughout the entire exchange between the two men, shuddered and gasped. The Great Spirit Taphtatharath was the name of the black one on whose name Crowley had called in countless ceremonies of ritual magic.

Crowley died that week. Within eighteen hours, Dr. William Brown Thomson was also found dead. The physician's death certificate attributed his demise to natural causes. Those familiar with the curse which "the Beast" had pronounced upon the stubborn doctor felt quite differently about the real reason for Thomson's sudden death.

THE GHOST THAT GAVE FISHERMEN A SKULL

In March, 1940, three men from Columbia, South Carolina spent the night fishing at nearby Lake Murray.

About midnight, one of the men was startled to see the shimmering image of a woman floating on the water several yards off to his right.

"There's a woman over there!" he managed to utter in his excitement. "I see a woman over there on the water!"

"Sure you do," one of his companions laughed. "Haven't you heard about all the mermaids in Lake Murray?"

"I'm serious, fellows," the man insisted. "Look over there. Can't you see her?"

"Not a thing," they told him. But, to silence his persistent claims of seeing a woman floating on the water and beckoning to them, they decided to row over to the spot.

"See," they chuckled. "Not a soul. Must have been the reflection of the moonlight on the water."

"Too bad it wasn't a mermaid," one of the men joked. "We certainly haven't been catching much tonight."

"Well," said the man who had seen the image of a woman on the water, "at least I didn't make you fellows row over here for nothing. This looks like it should be a good spot for fish."

One of the party dropped his line in the water and felt an immediate tug on his line. "Hey," he laughed. "You were right. You should see ladies on the lake more often."

The laughter stopped, however, when the man pulled in his line. Caught on his hook was a human skull with a .38 caliber bullet embedded in the top. Pathologists at the State Bureau of Investigation later verified the fact that the skull was that of a young woman. It seemed that the fisherman had indeed seen a ghostly lady in the lake.

THE MADONNA ON THE WALL

Mrs. Mary Price, a middle-aged housewife in Shropshire, England, first noticed the strange shadow on her parlor wall in May, 1959. The wall had been painted a cream color and the shadow stood out quite boldly. Mrs. Price closed and opened window shades, moved furniture about, and snapped the electric lights off and on in a vain attempt to discover what was casting the unusually shaped shadow.

The thing started to get under her skin. She could not find any piece of furniture in line with any source of light that could possibly produce that particular shape. To be completely certain, though, she moved nearly every stick of furniture in the parlor, yet the shadow remained immobile. Her experiments with the shades and the lights did not accomplish anything, either. The shadow was visible in both sunlight and electric light.

In desperation, Mrs. Price began to trace the outlines of the shadow with a piece of chalk. If her husband, who was the proprietor of the Swan Inn, were to come home, Mrs. Price thought to herself, he would definitely think that she had suffered a regression to childhood. The very idea! A grown woman standing there scribbling on the wall with a piece of chalk. But she had to find out what was causing the shadow or she would be ready for a rest home.

When Mrs. Price had completed her shadow-outlining, she stepped back to get a clearer image of the maddening shape. Her hand flew to her mouth in terror when she saw that she had traced the outline of a woman. An eerie sensation began to prick her flesh. Nervously she cast wary eyes about the parlor. There was no woman in the room but herself.

With hands that trembled with a nameless fear, Mrs. Price quickly set about scrubbing the outlines off the parlor wall with water and a brush.

She did not tell her husband of the experience, but, several days later, Mrs. Price once again saw the shadow on the parlor wall.

"Am I going dotty?" she asked herself. Their house was very old, and she had already made discreet inquiries about whether or not there might have been a mural on the wall at one time whose outlines had begun to show through the cream-colored paint. She was informed that the wall in question was a new one, which had been added shortly before their tenure. There was nothing on the wall but paint and plaster.

Once again, yielding to some uncontrollable impulse, Mrs. Price began to fill in the outlines of the shadow with chalk.

"This time the figure was about five feet tall," Mrs. Price told reporters. "She had a lovely oval face with a definitely Oriental look."

Later, when Mrs. Price asked to see the hands of the figure, a hand and an arm also appeared.

Numerous visitors were soon arriving to inspect the "madonna" on the wall of Mrs. Price's parlor. One afternoon, a visitor told her that he felt the shadowy image was an evil one. His spiel convinced Mrs. Price that she had allowed a representation of an evil entity to take residence on her wall, and once again she set about scrubbing away all traces of the chalk outline.

Shortly after she had obliterated the image, Mrs. Price received a visit from a well-known medium in Shropshire. The medium expressed dismay with Mrs. Price's actions and told her that the figure was most certainly benign and that if it should return, it should be allowed to remain.

Only a few days passed before the shadow put in another appearance on the wall. This time, as if to compensate for shabby treatment, Mrs. Price traced the image in colored chalk. When she completed outlining and coloring the figure, Mrs. Price saw that the image's head had turned to face a crucifix that hung on the wall above it.

As of May, 1961, the "madonna" remained intact on the Price's parlor wall.

THE MANY FACES OF MISS BEAUCHAMP

Dr. Morton Prince frowned as he looked over the medical dossier of the young woman who was coming to visit him that morning. Miss Beauchamp was twenty-three and, physically, a very normal and healthy person. Yet she had complained to her previous doctors that she was plagued by fatigue, headaches, insomnia, and localized pains. When conventional treatment had failed to relieve these disorders, she had consulted Dr. Prince, a specialist in nervous diseases at Boston City Hospital.

Dr. Prince decided to attempt therapy with the use of hypnosis—a common technique in psychiatry in the late 1800's. The treatment had an immediate effect. Miss Beauchamp's aches and pains vanished, and she found that she could sleep and eat much better. But after a few weeks, these beneficial effects began to dwindle, and it became clear that the superficial treatment of hypnotic suggestion would not bring any lasting benefits to Miss Beauchamp. Dr. Prince realized that he would have to probe deeper into the patient's history.

His investigation showed that Miss Beauchamp's childhood had made her prone to psychological disorders. Her mother had resented her existence because she resembled her father physically. Miss Beauchamp had tried to overcome this barrier to her mother's love, and in so doing, withdrew into her own dream world, not daring to voice even the common complaints of hunger or fatigue. When she was thirteen, her mother died, and Miss Beauchamp lived the remainder of her childhood and adolescence with an unsympathetic father.

A year after her mother's death, she began to suffer from severe headaches and strange trancelike states which affected her during her waking hours. They robbed her of a few minutes of time in each case, and she could not account for what happened during them. In 1892, when she was sixteen, she ran away from home and entered a nurses training course, which was given in a hospital near Boston.

One evening, when Boston was being lashed by a severe electrical storm, Miss Beauchamp was walking down the deserted halls of the hospital. Without warning, a delirious patient burst out of a room and began running after her. The half-crazed man lunged at her and caught her. Terrified, she struggled with him, trying to fight him off. Eventually some of the hospital staff came to her aid, and she escaped physical harm. Later that same evening, Miss Beauchamp retired to her quarters and was explaining what had happened to a fellow trainee. She happened to glance toward a window and there she saw the face of a very old and dear friend named William Jones. The apparent apparition was lit by eerie flashes of lightning, giving it a horrible countenance.

Her first reaction to this shock was to discount it as an hallucination—an aftermath of the previous event. But Miss Beauchamp nearly collapsed in a faint before Jones tapped on the window and declared that it was really he. Jones had been passing through Boston by train and had a two-hour layover before starting for New York. Deciding to pay Miss Beauchamp a brief visit, he had arrived at the hospital and spotted a ladder leaning against the wall of the nurses' quarters. Being something of a practical joker, Jones hit upon the notion of framing his face in the window of his friend's room and giving her a "good scare."

The effect of this double shock was far-reaching. It had released another personality of which Miss Beauchamp was not aware. But this other "Miss Beauchamp" was not known to the original personality until Dr. Prince's hypnotic investigations six years later.

Dr. Prince was astonished when the personality of "Sally" Beauchamp came to light. She was the complete antithesis of the sedate Miss Beauchamp. Sally was an impish rascal who constantly preyed on the unknowing

Miss Beauchamp. In Dr. Prince's report, Miss Beauchamp was characterized by the word "saint." She was the embodiment of all feminine virtues and the epitome of the refined woman. Sally was still a naughty child.

Miss Beauchamp was never conscious of Sally's behavior. She was aware only of the time she had lost while in a trancelike state. But Sally, on the other hand, always knew what Miss Beauchamp was doing, and thus had a distinct advantage over her. The playful personality did not like its saintlike counterpart and set out to make life miserable for her.

Sally's pranks were varied and original. Understanding Miss Beauchamp's aversion to small insects and especially to spiders, Sally collected a boxful of spiders and set them on Miss Beauchamp's desk. In recounting the incident, under hypnosis, Sally showed much satisfaction when she described the scene of Miss Beauchamp's discovery to Dr. Prince.

Sally would take their common body on long walks when she was in control, then fade from consciousness, leaving Miss Beauchamp exhausted and alone, to make her way home as best she could. While Miss Beauchamp was a student, Sally was very active. After Miss Beauchamp had worked hard preparing papers for classes, Sally would take control and tear them up. Miss Beauchamp would find her knitting strung out on the furniture in impossible tangles of colored yarn.

As therapy progressed, Dr. Prince uncovered a third personality within Miss Beauchamp, one that was able to put up some resistance to the impish pranks of Sally. This third personality complicated matters very much, as Sally had no knowledge of her thoughts or memories.

The result of this case of multiple personality was a happy one. After six years of treatment, Dr. Prince was able to fuse the personalities together and force Sally out of the picture. Miss Beauchamp's life had been like a tour de force in which one character played all of the principal parts. The only difference was that none of Miss Beauchamp's "characters" were acting.

THE SHEPHERD WHO HEALS WITH HIS HANDS

The shepherd stood with bowed head as he heard the charges against him being read by the judge in a courtroom in Athens, Greece.

"Qualified physicians have charged you with being a charlatan for claiming that you have the ability to heal with your hands," the judge said to him after he had finished reading the formal accusation. "How do you plead to these charges?"

Athanasios Contogeorge, a humble, inarticulate man, looked up at the judge, then over at the assemblage of medical men who sought to stop him from using his hands to heal. "I have not boasted of my powers," he said softly. "I do not know why I have the power to do the things I do. I have never boasted of them."

"But you do profess to heal, do you not?" a doctor questioned him.

"I do heal," Athanasios said simply.

"Do you have a medical certificate from a university or a legal permit to practice medicine?" the judge asked him.

"Of course he doesn't!" another physician shouted angrily. "He cannot even read or write. Let's get this thing over with. The man is a charlatan and must be prohibited from practicing his black magic."

"I will stop my healing work," Athanasios said, "if the doctors here in the court can do what I am about to do."

The doctors muttered about not submitting to the indignity of any kind of cheap test, but the judge ordered them to be patient and to hold their peace. Athanasios produced a lamb which he had tethered in the back of the courtroom. He worked his hands gently in the lamb's thick fleece to comfort it, then, without hesitation, broke its legs. There was a gasp of astonishment from the doctors and the witnesses in the court at each sharp snap of the leg bones.

"Would you examine the bones to see if they are truly broken?" Athanasios asked a physician. The shepherd raised his voice for the first time in an effort to be heard over the cries of the lamb as it bleated its pain.

A doctor stepped forward and quickly agreed that the creature's legs were truly broken. They had all heard the brittle snappings and could all see the grotesque angles of the damaged limbs. "They are broken," he said.

Without further ceremony or any dramatic flourishes, Athanasios set the lamb on the floor and put its broken leg bones together again. The lamp got back on its feet and began to walk about the courtroom, none the worse for its ordeal. Incredulous doctors swooped down on the lamb, ran questioning fingers over the once broken bones. In astonished whispers, they agreed that the creature was as whole as ever.

"Now," said Athanasios softly, "who among you will do the same?"

The doctors shook their heads in a mass refusal to accept the shepherd's challenge. The judge stood and decreed that Athanasios Contogeorge had won his case.

Now over eighty years old, Athanasios (known as Vlahos, the Greek word for "shepherd") won that decisive case back in 1941. The simple shepherd accomplishes what is essentially orthopedic medicine, but his patients insist that his powers go far beyond therapeutic massage and manipulation.

Vlahos, who sees as many as sixty patients a day, believes that "the power of God goes through my hands." He was just a shepherd boy when he learned how to heal the injuries of the sheep in his flock. By the time he had reached twenty, he was beginning to apply his remarkable knowledge to people. Now his fame is such that his international reputation brings statesmen and millionaires to stand in line with the peasants of his hill country.

When the late King Paul of Greece broke his foot in a skiing accident several years ago, he sought out the services of Athanasios. Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie suffered an attack of sciatica while visiting Greece and was immediately brought to the shepherd for treatments. At one time, both the American and British Ambassadors to Greece were arranging consultations with the incredible shepherd who heals with his hands.

WAS THERE A LOST CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS?

Of all the lost and fabled civilizations of man, Atlantis is indisputably the most popularly known, the most intriguing, and the most hotly debated. The mystery of the "lost continent" has been a subject of endless controversy for the writers of antiquity as well as for the modern scholar.

As far as surviving manuscripts allow us to judge, the first to write of Atlantis was the Greek poet Hesiod, who lived about 700 B.C. He was taken in earnest by the Roman poet Horace, but Aristotle regarded the tales of Atlantis as pure balderdash. The most famous champion of the lost continent was the great philosopher Plato, who made extensive references to Atlantis in his writings.

When Columbus discovered America in 1492, medieval scholars immediately began associating the Atlantis myth with the new continent that had suddenly been found where no land was supposed to exist. Hundreds of books were written developing the America-Atlantis thesis, but they are nothing as compared with the thousands of works espousing other lands and other civilizations as the "true" Atlantis.

In 1611, a Dominican monk was tried for heresy for his assertions concerning the mystic land. A Swedish scholar, Olf Rudbek, wrote in 1675 that such a paradise could only have been descriptive of one place in the world—Sweden. Others have found "remnants" of Atlantis in Sardinia, Palestine, the Canary Islands, Nigeria, and southern Tunisia.

Recent scientific research offers conclusive proof that Atlantis was in fact a very real civilization, but the question still remains as to its true whereabouts.

Most generally accepted is Professor Adolf Schulten's theory that the fabled Atlantis and the lost city of Tartessus are one and the same. Tartessus, the Tarshish of the Old Testament, flourished from 1100 B.C. until its destruction in 500 B.C. It was the capital of a country whose culture was rich and advanced. It was the earliest city-state in the pre-Roman West. Although the city is described in the journals of several ancient geographers, people have been searching for its site for over 2000 years.

The land is marshy where Tartessus once stood—probably at the mouth of the Guadalquivir River on the coast of Spain—and the once rich land is now buried beneath several layers of silt. As legends told of Atlantis sinking into the sea or being destroyed by floods, so do the writers of antiquity tell how the Guadalquivir's channels became reduced in number from three to one and subsequently covered the island at its mouth.

Schulten's research goes on to list a number of parallels between Tartessus and the fabled city described in the works of the great philosopher Plato. According to Plato's *Critias,* Atlantis stood on an island surrounded by three rings of water. Tartessus is known to have been an island city located between the three mouths of the Guadalquivir.

Plato gives a detailed account of the canal system of Atlantis. A writer of antiquity describes a similar system of canals as being extant in Tartessus.

Atlantis is said to have been the wealthiest city that has ever existed. Tartessus is spoken of in ancient records as "the wealthiest city in the world."

The philosopher is intrigued by the cult of the bull, which existed in Atlantis. The worship of the bull, with attendant maneuvers executed between its horns, is well known to have been once-active cult in ancient Crete. It is easy to see how "bull vaulting" could have come to Tartessus and survived in modern Spain as the sport of bull fighting.

Atlantis was always referred to as having been a great maritime power. The ships of Tartessus are recorded to have spanned the entire Mediterranean, reaching Scotland, and perhaps even Iceland and America. The Old Testament gives scriptural substantiation to the "ships of Tarshish" and their far-reaching voyages.

That the culture of Tartessus was advanced and intellectually active is evidenced by the ancient geographer Strabo, who recorded that the inhabitants had prose accounts, poems, and laws that even then were 6000 years old.

If the marshes could bear substantial excavation and sustained digging, perhaps the myth of Atlantis would at last be given reality.

THE GIRL GHOST OF WHITE ROCK LAKE

Texans who live near White Rock Lake have recently reported the nocturnal prowlings of an apparition; it is that of a girl in a dripping wet evening gown, who appears on the lake shores.

Young couples, who have parked beside the lake to take full advantage of the bright moon reflecting on the placid waters, have told some hair-raising tales about the phantom. One young man said that he would never forget the sight of the shimmering ghost looking in the car window at him and his frightened date.

Frank X. Tolbert, columnist for the *Dallas Morning News*, dealt with the legend of the alleged girl ghost and received hundreds of letters and phone calls in response to his article. Apparently, the apparition had been seen and firmly attested to by a goodly number of people.

Mr. Dale Berry told Tolbert that he and his family had purchased a home near White Rock Lake in September, 1962. On their first night in their new home, Berry hurried to the door to answer the ringing of the bell. There was no one there. The bell rang a second time. In spite of a rapid dash to the door, whoever had rung the bell had vanished.

The third time the bell rang, Berry's daughter answered the door. Soon the entire family was clustered around the front door in response to the girl's screams. There, on the porch, were large puddles of water as if someone dripping wet had stood there. There were large droplets of water on the steps and the walk leading up to the front door yet the sprinkler system had not been turned on, the rest of the yard was dry, and the night was clear and cloudless. Moreover, the neighbors were not the sort to indulge in practical jokes.

It appeared that the Girl Ghost of White Rock Lake had been trying to pay the newcomers a welcoming visit.

THE MONSTER OF DEADMAN'S HOLE

From time to time, strange reports of America's own abominable snowmen have cropped up in California. Residents of remote and desolate areas in the heavily forested sections of the state have reported giant apelike "men" who raid their chicken coops, carry off young calves, and knock over heavy construction materials just for fun. California's Indians have long had legends that tell of the "ancient ones," and some anthropologists have theorized about the possibility of a lost tribe of Indians who maintain a Stone-Age existence somewhere in the uncharted mountain and forest regions of California.

For nearly seventy years, mysterious deaths which occurred at a spot called Deadman's Hole in San Diego County, California, were attributed to one or more of these subhuman creatures.

The first victim of the monster of Deadman's Hole was an unidentified propsector, who was found murdered by a stage driver in 1858. In 1888, a second victim was found in the same area, the circumstances of his death equally mysterious.

A resident of the area, William Blair, was found at Deadman's Hole in 1922. Investigators reported that Blair's throat was discolored and bore the undeniable markings of massive fingers that had crushed out his life. It was also apparent that the man had been dragged for a great distance after he had been murdered. Whoever or whatever had strangled William Blair had been possessed of incredible strength.

Within the year, an Indian girl named Belita was killed by the same powerful hands, and her crumpled body was discovered at the same spot at which the other victims had been located.

A few months after this latest death at Deadman's

Hole, two area men, Edward Dean and Charles Cox, went into the canyon on a hunting trip. Alerted by the sounds of something heavy crashing through the brush before them, the hunters began to pursue what they thought might be a large bear.

After several minutes of the chase, Cox turned to his companion and shouted, "That's no bear! It looks like a gorilla!"

"A gorilla in California!" Dean laughed. He was about to chide his friend for drinking on the hunt, when he caught a good glimpse of the creature for the first time. It certainly was not a bear. It walked upright with a strange, bobbing gait.

When the men closed in on the beast, it turned toward them and began to rush them. For a dangerous moment, the men were too stunned to react to the threat the monster posed. "It's face was not unlike that of an Indian's," Dean said later. "Its hands and feet were of monstrous size, but they were definitely humanlike."

At last Cox freed himself from the almost fatal fascination which the creature had exerted over them, and shot the beast in the chest.

We will never know if the monster of Deadman's Hole was a link with our Stone-Age past, a remnant of a forgotten Indian tribe, or some recluse, who had become demented and dangerous in his hermit's existence. Unfortunately, there are no records of an autopsy of the man-thing nor is there any indication as to what may have become of the corpse. But fortunately for the residents in that area of San Diego County, there have been no reported slayings at Deadman's Hole since 1922.

THE PITTSFIELD GHOST TRAIN

John Quirk and several of his customers in the Bridge Lunch saw the phantom train go by one afternoon in February of 1958.

"We saw it regardless of what anyone else tries to tell us," Quirk told newsmen. "It consisted of a baggage car and five or six coaches. I can describe that locomotive down to the last bolt. It was so clear and plain that I was even able to see the coal in the tender. And my customers saw it just as plainly as I did."

John Quirk is not the only resident of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who is convinced of the existence of a ghost train that frequents a stretch of track between the North Street Bridge and the Junction. Several men and women have sworn that they have seen the spectral train passing Union Depot.

"We have operated no steam engine on that line for years," railroad officials replied in a formal statement when the reports of a train on the unused tracks were called to their attention. "There has definitely not been a train passing Union Depot or the Junction at the times when certain witnesses claim to have seen a locomotive in the area."

Whether the Pittsfield ghost train has official recognition or not doesn't seem to prevent it from speeding east toward Boston whenever it takes a notion to appear.

At 6:30 one March morning, Timothy Koutsonecolis and Steve Strauss, Bridge Lunch employees, saw the train pass the diner in full steam.

"The place was full of customers and every one of them saw the ghost train," said Strauss. "Just like every time before, the steam engine pulled a baggage car, five or six coaches, and was highballing toward Boston."

THE HAUNT OF BAILEY'S PRAIRIE

Brit Bailey's dying request was that he be buried standing up.

"I spent my whole life stomping over these here prairies," he gasped, "and I don't aim to stop walking 'em when I die."

They buried old Brit in 1833. But residents in the area of Bailey's Prairie claim that the early settler has kept his promise about "stomping around" on the prairies that lie five miles west of Angleton, Texas, in Brazoria County.

The Thomases, who moved into old Brit's place after he had been planted erect in the sod, bear witness that the old-timer's shade did not wait long to start prowling around. In her diary, Ann Rainey Thomas made a record of her sighting of old Brit, when the apparition looked in the window at her one night. Her servant girl, Melinda, reported that the ghost chased the men servants away from the cows at evening milking time. All members of the household swore to have heard old Brit's shuffling footsteps moving around in the house after dark. Once when Mr. Thomas lay ill, he claimed that he clearly saw Brit Bailey in the room with him.

It was not until about the early 1850's that Bailey's "spook light" began to be seen on the prairies. Colonel Mordello Munson and several of his guests saw a weirdly glowing ball of light drift slowly past his home early one evening. Saddling their horses, the colonel and the male guests gave the eerie globe a hardy pursuit but were unable to capture it or clearly identify it.

From that night on, "Brit Bailey's Light" has drifted across the Texas prairies that the old settler was so reluctant to relinquish. Even today, area residents claim to see old Brit's "spook light."

SPOOK LIGHT OF CHINATI MOUNTAIN

Since pioneer days, night travelers in the area of Chinati Mountain in the Cienagas Range of southwestern Texas have been witnessing a most unusual phenomenon. An odd, peculiarly glowing ball—about the size of a basketball—materializes, moves about, splits into twin spheres, reforms, and runs a range of light intensity varying from a mere twinkle to a blinding glare.

The best spot for observing the "spook light," according to area residents, is along Highway 90 between Marfa and Alpine. As to a "rational" explanation for a mysterious light, the residents, investigating scientists, and other eyewitnesses have been enbroiled in fiery controversy for generations.

For those who emphasize the word "spook" when they talk of the strange light, there is the legend of the ancient Apache chief, Alsate, to explain the source of the glowing orb. It seems that Alsate was tricked into offending a tribal god after he had been betrayed by some fast-talking Mexicans. As his eternal punishment, Alsate was condemned to wander the Big Bend Country of Texas. It is the old Apache's spirit that one sees when he witnesses a manifestation of the spook light, according to those who subscribe to this legend.

Other theories attribute the source of the ghost light to the reflection of the moonlight on deposits of mica in the cliffs and crags of the mountain. This, however, does not explain the brightly glowing ball on nights when the moon is hidden behind thick cloud banks.

Some residents maintain that the spook light is seen under only two conditions: either just before or just after a rain. But Dr. John Dismant, professor of geology at Sul Ross State College, argues that he has seen the light "dozens of times when the country was bone dry!"

For those who are stumped because the ghost light shines on nights when the moon does not, some clever citizens came up with the theory that the mystery light was caused by the reflection of automobile headlights coming down Paisana Pass.

But, one is instantly led to ask, how does the spook light maintain a steady glow of several hours' duration if it has to depend on the headlights of an occasional automobile that may speed quickly by? And what about the fact that the earliest settlers and travelers in southwestern Texas mentioned seeing the ghost light? Covered wagons and stagecoaches did not have powerful headlights.

Whether the enigmatic light of Chinati Mountain is caused by certain unique climatic conditions working on mineral deposits peculiar to that area or whether observers really are seeing the glowing spirit of Chief Alsate, one indisputable fact remains—the spook light is there.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A GHOST

Huang Su Tu-cheng, a wealthy Formosan contractor, married Miss Yeh Ah-ting in Taipei, Formosa, on May 23, 1962. As the two lovers were united in body and spirit, the wedding guests could not help observing that Miss Yeh was *all* spirit. In fact, the lovely bride was represented only by a framed photograph of herself. Miss Yeh had died eight years before at the age of eighteen.

Huang already had one wife, but she did not object to the marriage. "Yeh Ah-ting is to be a concubine," she explained.

The contractor met his ghost-bride in 1960 when he lay burning with fever after he had fallen ill with a serious disease. "It was love at first sight," Huang said. "The lovely young girl seemed to ease my pain. We continued our courtship in dreams for two years."

Although the spiritual ministrations of Miss Yeh Ah-ting soothed the fever of the prosperous Formosan, Huang's illness hung on tenaciously. At last, Mrs. Huang visited the priest of a local deity, who, through the reading of oracle bones, was able to tell her the identity of the beautiful dream girl who brought temporary surcease of pain to her husband.

"If Huang Su Tu-cheng is ever to recover fully," the priest told Mrs. Huang, "he must marry Yeh Ah-ting."

With Huang's influence, it was an easy matter to uncover records that indicated that a Miss Yeh Ah-ting had indeed died at the age of eighteen in 1944. Although struck by the remarkable coincidence, Huang expressed doubts as to whether this could really be the Miss Yeh of his dreams.

That night, the lovely girl appeared to the man in another dream. "Why are you so hard to convince," she teased him. "Do you no longer love me?"

"Do not say that!" Huang moaned loudly. "But how am I to know that it is truly you?"

"In my sister's home you will find a photograph of me," Miss Yeh told him. "This shall give you the proof that you seek."

The next morning, Huang went to Miss Yeh's sister and obtained the photograph. "It is truly the same lovely maiden," he told his wife.

After they had received the traditional betrothal gifts, which consisted of a bicycle, a sewing machine, a radio, an electric fan, a gold chain, $500 in cash, and a small plot of farmland, Miss Yeh's parents gave their "daughter" in marriage to Huang. And from the date of his marriage, Huang told reporters from *China News*, "My health has improved miraculously."

THE PRETTY GHOST IN CULZEAN CASTLE

Culzean Castle is a picturesque and historic fortress in Turnberry, Scotland. Today, much of its colorful past has been forgotten, and it is commonly referred to as "Ike's Castle" because former president Dwight D. Eisenhower was given a lavishly furnished apartment in the castle as a tribute to his leadership of the Allied armies in World War II.

In August of 1962, a Mrs. Margaret Penny told newsmen of an encounter that she had had with a resident of the unknown while visiting the castle.

Mrs. Penny had seen a beautiful dark-haired girl in an evening dress coming toward her down an empty corridor. She had thought it peculiar that the young woman was dressed in an evening dress, especially when a glance at her wristwatch told her that it was only 5:00 P.M.

"It rains today," said the dark girl, her smile pleasant. Mrs. Penny nodded in reply, concluding at last that the beautiful girl must be some kind of hostess-guide for the castle.

As the corridor was quite narrow, Mrs. Penny pushed herself back against the wall. "Not much room for passing when you're as plump as I am," she grinned, making an elaborate show of sucking in her stomach.

The girl's smile faded. "I do not require any room nowadays," she said wistfully.

According to Mrs. Penny, her entire right side became chilled as the girl brushed past her and continued down the corridor. "And the really strange part of it," the startled woman said later, "was that she didn't really brush up against me, she actually walked through my side!"

Eisenhower and his family visited the castle not long after Mrs. Penny's confrontation with the pretty ghosts, but Ike has never disclosed whether or not he has met the other-worldly guest who is said to occupy the ancient fortress of Culzean.

THE VANISHING MARQUIS

The Marquis Carlo Centurione Scotto was a Doctor of Law and a member of the Italian Parliament from 1909 to 1920. He was not a spiritualist nor an advocate of any particular movement designed to change the course of history. In fact, when the vociferous critics of paranormal activities began to besiege the Marquis, he simply faded out of public view.

The Marquis' interest in psychic phenomena began in September of 1926 when his son, the Marquis Vittorio del Principi Centurione, a captain in the Italian Air Corps, was killed while testing a new plane for entry in the American Schneider Cup race. Because of his intense sorrow over the loss of his son, the Marquis began reading inspirational books for solace and was led into attempting what so many bereaved parents have tried when the loss of a child has left them grief-stricken—he sought to contact the spirit of his son through a medium.

In England, the American direct-voice medium, George Valiantine, produced a voice from "the other side," which the Marquis recognized as being that of his son's. Encouraged by Valiantine and Ernesto Bozzano, an Italian psychical researcher, the Marquis began to develop what appeared to be quite remarkable latent psychic powers of his own.

It was on the evening of July 29, 1928, that the Marquis Carlo Centurione Scotto vanished from the midst of a room full of people. His ten guests in the séance circle included Signor Bozzano; Mme. Fabienne Rossi, a noted medium; two attorneys-at-law; Mrs. Gwendolyn Kelley Hack, an American medium; and the Marchioness Luisa Centurione Scotto. After the introduction of some preliminary phenomena, the Marquis whispered in a frightened voice, "I can no longer feel my legs."

Mme. Fabienne Rossi, who had been seated next to the Marquis, said, "I feel as though something extraordinary were happening. I feel around me an indefinable vacuum which is very alarming."

The Marchioness became concerned about her husband's welfare and called to him.

"Hush," she was advised. "He may have gone into a deep trance."

But Mme. Rossi, upon stretching out her hand, exclaimed, "He is not here!"

Lights were turned on and all members of the circle verified that the Marquis had vanished. The servants were alerted and, in all, twelve people began to search the estate.

Spirit guides advised the man's wife not to be alarmed. "We are watching and guarding," they wrote through Mrs. Hack's planchette. "He is on the premises but sleeps."

The Marquis was at last found in a granary bin, fast asleep on a pile of hay and oats. The door to the bin was locked from the outside, as was the outside door to the stables.

When he was revived, the Marquis began to moan and weep, fearing that he had lost his mind. When his friends refreshed his memory as to the events that had immediately preceded his disappearance, he became angry, concluding that they had played some cruel practical joke on him. Only the presence of his wife and his younger son calmed him and convinced him of the truth of the allegations of his friends.

At 11:30 that evening, the Marquis had been transported from a locked room in the castle to a locked granary bin in the stables over sixty yards away. To accomplish this instant translocation physically, it would have been necessary to somehow "pass through" four locked doors: the door of the séance room, the entrance door to the castle, the outside entrance to the stables, and the door of the granary bin.

THE GHOST THAT STRUCK OIL

Abram James was one of the most successful operators of oil wells in the early days of the petroleum business. Whenever he was asked to divulge the secret of his uncanny ability to locate oil wells, James would unhesitatingly give all the credit to Lalah.

Who was this individual who was so incredibly proficient at locating previously untapped underground caverns of "black gold?" Why Abram James would tell you that, too. Lalah was a ghost.

James made his first oil strike in 1867 under conditions that would have to be termed "strange." He was riding in a carriage with three friends, midway between Titusville and Pithole, Pennsylvania, when he suddenly leaped out of the carriage and began to run across a farmer's field.

His friends halted the horses and set out in pursuit of the swiftly running James, who they thought had surely gone mad. One moment he was engaging them in quiet and polite conversation and the next he was leaping over fences and gamboling about in a field.

When James reached the northern end of the field, he was seen by his companions to jerk convulsively, then fall to the ground. He was pale and rigid when they at last knelt beside him.

"He's had some kind of fit," one of the men said, giving utterance to the mental conclusion that they had all reached. "Look how pale he is."

It was several minutes before James' eyes began to flutter into consciousness. "Dig here," he whispered.

"What's he saying?"

"He's out of his head."

"Lalah says dig here," James said, pushing aside the solicitous hands of his friends.

"Who the devil is Lalah?"

"Oh, you know. The spook he claims is his guide."

"He's completely muddled. I warned him to stay away from messing around with spiritualism."

James stood up and faced his friends. "Lalah has told me that there is oil here. If you throw in with me and buy up this land, we will all be rich."

"Come along, Abram. You're not well."

"I've never been better," James frowned, shaking off the arm that a friend draped around his shoulders. He dug a penny out of his pocket and thrust it into the earth. "There is where I'll dig my first oil well," he told his scoffing companions.

Abram James borrowed money and bought the land from the farmer. So great was his faith in the word of his spirit guide that he went even deeper into debt and borrowed additional funds to erect an oil well at the spot which he had marked with a penny.

His friends continued to scoff until the day when oil from Harmonial Well No. 1 pumped up its first one hundred thirty barrels of crude oil.

According to stories told about Abram James, his technique for finding the "black gold" never varied. Each time he was on land that covered oil deposits, he would be seized by Lalah and driven into a spasmodic dance which would end with his falling to the ground on the spot where he would later direct his crews to drill. As was his custom, he would mark the spot with the same worn penny.

In Abram James' long and prosperous career in the oil industry, the inspiring words of Lalah, his spirit guide, are known to have produced only one dry well.

THE JEALOUS GHOST OF LOVERS LANE

While the big harvest moon shone above them, the young couple in the buggy snuggled a bit closer together. They had gone to Timmon's Bridge, a favorite spooning spot near Egypt Pike, Ohio, a bit early. Tonight—somehow they both knew it—would be the night that he would "pop" the question.

He had clasped both of her hands in his and was about to speak when suddenly the buggy top slammed down and the horse snorted and stamped its forelegs in fear.

Then, swirling over their heads, they both saw the mistlike form of a frowning man. "It's Enos Kay!" the young man swore as he hauled on the reins in an attempt to control the snorting horse. "Dang you, Enos! Why can't you let folks be?"

The horse would stand still no longer and, to the accompaniment of the girl's sobs of fear and disappointment, the frightened animal set off at full trot back to the stables.

According to Ohioans in the Egypt Pike vicinity, the jilted ghost of Enos Kay haunted all lovers who sought out the Timmon's Bridge trysting spot back in the 1890's. Enos had been a hard-working young man who had saved for two years to have enough money to marry his sweetheart, Alvira. With a sufficient bank account to bolster his spirits, Enos made his intentions known to Alvira's father and rejoiced when his suit was accepted by both the man and his daughter. All was right in Enos' world.

Then, just a week before the wedding, Enos took his fiancée to a church picnic. Alvira was introduced to a boy named Brown and the two struck instant sparks off each other. Before the week had ended, Alvira and the handsome, smooth-talking stranger had eloped.

Enos was inconsolable. The suicide note, which he had scrawled just before he shot himself, decreed his promise to "haunt fool lovers 'til the Judgment Day."

Not many nights after his death, a young couple came driving their buggy back into town as if the devil were pursuing them. They had seen Enos Kay, they insisted. He had appeared as a brightly glowing cloud, but they had both recognized his features in the ghostly haze.

From that time on, whenever lovers had their buggy tops slammed down on Timmon's Bridge or saw the glowing haze that made their horses snort in fear, they knew that Enos Kay was keeping his promise to "haunt fool lovers."

GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS IN FOSTER'S TAVERN

Dogs shiver when they approach the front porch of the large, Colonial-style house in Spartanburg, South Carolina, and they steadfastly refuse to enter the home that was once a stagecoach stop known as Foster's Tavern.

James Ruff, who has lived in the 163-year-old house since 1936, says that he has often heard footsteps late at night.

"The sounds come from the hall just outside the parlor door," Ruff told Jack Moffitt of the *Spartanburg Herald*. "I've often leaped up and thrown open the door, but I have seen nothing."

Ruff freely admitted that he has been the only person to hear the ghostly, shuffling footsteps, but he fervently claimed that he has heard them often and on all three floors of the house.

However, Mrs. Ruff's aunt had an experience, while visiting them, that for sheer ghostliness surpasses Ruff's phantom footsteps.

She had just retired in one of the first-floor bedrooms when she was astonished to see a bright apparition slowly descend the rear staircase. Without hesitation, the specter walked into her room and seated itself on the bed in which she lay, strangely unafraid. According to the aunt, the apparition, which she called an angel, engaged her in a conversation which she refused to reveal.

The origin of the haunting, Ruff told reporter Moffitt, probably lies in a reported suicide which took place in the tavern in the middle 1800's. According to local legend, from that time on, horses never failed to shy whenever they passed the stagecoach stop.

THE GHOST THAT COMES TO CHURCH

It was shortly before Easter in 1964. A number of parishioners and a caretaker were cleaning St. Columbkille's Roman Catholic Church in Uptergrove, Ontario, in preparation for the holiday services. They had been working steadily for nearly three hours when one of them noted someone moving in the gallery at the back of the church.

"Who's back there?" he asked the woman who was working next to him. The woman, looking up from polishing a pew with a dust cloth, indicated that she had not heard him. "I said," he repeated, "who's in the gallery? Everyone seems to be up here with us."

Just then several girls among the church workers screamed and the man realized that he was not the only one who had seen someone moving in the back of the church. Evidently some other member of the congregation must have arrived to help with the work and had startled the girls.

Then he saw what had caused the girls to scream. The shadowy figure floating across the gallery might have been a member of the congregation at one time, but hardly in its present state.

As the church workers watched with incredulous stares, a shadowy, phantomlike figure glided over to the organ, sat down, and began to play.

A carpenter and one of the women parishioners began to run up the gallery stairs toward the apparition. At their approach, the figure floated toward the door leading to the belfry. Its appearance was clear and distinct to everyone in the church. It was wearing a black choir gown and black hat, and it had a chalk-white face in which only the eyes were visible.

The bold carpenter made a grab for the phantom, but,

as he later told newsmen, "My hands just seemed to come together in thin air."

When he got to his feet and opened the door to the room leading to the belfry, he and the woman parishioner found it completely empty.

The St. Columbkille's phantom has been seen on several occasions in the sixty-year-old church. In an effort to discourage curiosity seekers from flocking to the church for a peek at the spook, Father Frank Voorwerk, commenting on the pre-Easter sighting in 1964, expressed his opinion that the phantom was nothing more than "a prank committed by some organ-playing youngster."

Whether or not this public statement reflected Father Voorwerk's true feelings about the shadowy figure is known only to the good priest himself, as he refused to comment further on the alleged haunting of St. Columbkille's.

Wayne Birch of Orillia, a city which is near Uptergrove, was less reluctant to commit himself to print. Birch told newsmen that he and a party of six were in the church shortly after Easter in an attempt to view the phantom. According to Birch, the efforts were rewarded. The shadowy figure appeared in its usual place on the balcony.

"One of our group got a bit too excited and yelled at it," Birch said, "and it just disappeared. It looked like it went right through the wall."

TROUBLE AT THE FAIRY MOUND

The townspeople of Wexford, Ireland, take their fairies seriously, as do all good Irishmen. They know, for instance, that the "Little People" reside in raths, or mounds, and to disturb the supernatural folk is as unwise as stepping in front of a speeding locomotive.

In May of 1958, workmen from the state electricity board found out that the fairies are not to be trifled with. And the villagers at Wexford say that the men were lucky that they were let off with only a "wee bit of mischief."

The trouble at the fairy rath started on that morning when the workmen began digging a hole for the erection of a light pole in a little mound.

"That pole will never stay there," someone warned the workmen.

"And why not?" the men from the state electricity board wanted to know.

"Because," they were told, "that mound in which you're digging is a fairy rath. Everyone in Ireland should know that fairies cannot abide a disturbance on their rath."

The workmen had a laugh at the expense of the villagers and said some uncomplimentary things about the level of intelligence of the townsfolk of Wexford. They finished digging the hole to the depth that experience had taught them was adequate, then they dropped the post in the hole and manfully tamped the black earth in around the base.

"No fairy will be moving that," pronounced the foreman as he surveyed their handiwork.

The next morning the pole tilted unattractively in the loose earth.

Villagers merely shrugged. " 'Twas the wee folk."

The foreman of the crew frowned his suspicions and resentment, and ordered his men to reset the pole. When they checked the next morning, it was once again conspicuous by its looseness. While the other poles in the line stood straight and proud like soldiers on parade inspection, that one woebegone pole reeled like a trooper on leave.

"We'll be having no more of such nonsense," the foreman decreed. At his orders, the beleaguered workmen dug a hole six feet wide, placed the errant pole precisely in the middle, and packed the earth so firmly around the base that the foreman expressed doubts that anything short of atomic power could even budge it.

Apparently fairies have their own brand of nuclear fission, for the next morning the intruding pole had once again been pushed loose of the little people's rath.

The men from the electricity board knew when they were licked. Without another word to the grinning villagers, the workmen dug a second hole four feet outside the fairy mound and popped the pole in there. And there it still stands, as solid as the Emerald Isle.

THE "IRISH LOURDES"

Nicholas Doyle of Bray County, Wicklow, Ireland, was stricken with rheumatic fever when he was just ten years old. His heart was so severely affected that, in addition to being confined to bed, the doctor forbade him even to indulge in knitting as a means of passing the time.

A few days after he had been blessed in the village church of Knock in County Mayo, Nicholas Doyle was riding his bicycle. The doctor who had listed knitting as too strenuous a pastime for the young invalid was completely astonished at the miraculous cure. Fourteen-year-old Bridie Hopkins of Leeds was taken to Knock after an injured bone in her leg became diseased.

"After I received the blessing at the shrine," Bridie said, "the numbness in my leg disappeared and there came a strange kind of prickling sensation."

Four months later, physicians declared that her leg was healed.

Medical men continue to be amazed by the number of healings that have taken place in the village of Knock. The "Irish Lourdes," as the village has come to be called, has been the source of miracle cures for over eighty years, ever since a holy visitation was said to have occurred in the church during a time of famine.

According to fifteen of the villagers, they saw the figures of the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph, and St. John standing at one end of the little Catholic church in Knock. The figures, which they described as being bathed in a white light, stood at an altar and looked upward at the figure of a lamb surrounded by golden stars. Almost immediately thereafter, the diseased who attended the church began to report miraculous recoveries.

Authorities from the Roman Catholic Church were

sent to investigate the alleged miracle and spent several days questioning the villagers of Knock. It was their official conclusion that an authentic vision had occurred and been witnessed by the villagers.

THE INVISIBLE PEOPLE OF ICELAND

The "Hidden Folk" of Iceland are no more prone to encourage modern advances than are the "Little People" of Ireland. For centuries, rural Icelanders have not failed to set aside a small plot of their farmland as the exclusive province of the Hidden Folk. As with the fairies and their mounds, so it is with the invisible people of the Icelanders and their plot of ground: he who trespasses will be persecuted.

Recently *The New York Times* carried an article by Werner Wiskari that told of the latest defeat of modern science by the ancient powers of the Hidden Folk.

It seems that workmen hired to enlarge a herring processing plant found themselves suddenly embroiled in all kinds of difficulties when they tried to drill into a rocky area to obtain building materials. They had modern, efficient drills and plenty of dynamite to supplement the metallic teeth of the drill bits. In addition to more than adequate modern equipment, the crews had highly qualified men to operate the machinery. The operation should have been a relatively simple one and progressed with a minimum of trouble. Yet it could not have been more difficult.

The most annoying problem was the expensive fact that the men broke one "unbreakable" drill after another. While the workmen puzzled over the seemingly impenetrable rock, an old farmer told them that they were drilling into a rock inhabited by one of the Hidden Folk. The workmen, all modern, educated Icelanders, laughed at the old man. They no longer believed that silly superstition about the invisible people who inhabited the rocks of their cold and brittle island.

The manager of the plant, although professing his skepticism, agreed to the old man's suggestion that they

consult a seer to communicate with the invisible entity that allegedly dwelt within the rocky area in which they were attempting to drill. A seer was found in a nearby village and commissioned to establish contact with the Hidden One.

The local seer told the plant manager that there was indeed an entity who had chosen these particular rocks as his dwelling place. The Hidden One was quite amiable, however, and, after the seer had explained about the manager's need to expand his plant, the invisible rock dweller agreed to find another place to live.

"He asks for time to make his arrangements for moving," the seer told the plant manager. "He asks that you do no more drilling for five days."

The manager raised a craggy eyebrow, then looked around at the pile of broken drill bits. "Tell him he has his five days," the man said, agreeing to the postponement.

Whatever magic had been accomplished in those five days the manager would never know. All he really cared about was the fact that when the workmen resumed their labors on the rocks, not a single additional drill ever broke.

THE INVISIBLE ORGANIST

The Reverend H. J. Skynner of St. John's Anglican Cathedral in Winnipeg, Canada, had just begun to read a passage from the New Testament on that Sunday morning in December of 1953 when a note sounded from the organ.

The heads of the congregation turned toward the organ expecting to see an embarrassed organist who had accidentally bumped a key. There was, however, no one near the keyboard. The organist had already taken her seat in the congregation to hear the sermon.

But still the organ continued to play in tones that were loud and clear, and the invisible organist "accompanied" Reverend Skynner for over twenty minutes. According to the startled members of the congregation, the notes formed no known or familiar tune, but were very melodious and pleasant.

A prank in poor taste was out of the question. All the time the music sounded, the organ manual, the only place from which the instrument could be played, was completely visible to all those in the cathedral.

Experts from the organ company later explained away the strange occurrence by saying that winds outside the cathedral had apparently, in some way, been responsible for the most unusual concert.

St. John's organist repudiated this theory, for she insisted that the organ had been shut off completely and all the valves closed before she left it. And her statement was substantiated by those who investigated the organ immediately after the service had been completed.

LOUIE, THE KNOCKING GHOST

According to a lot of folks in Belleville, Ontario, a ghost named Louie Carpenter comes to visit Mrs. John Palmer nearly every night.

Mrs. Palmer, who claims to be over a hundred years old, lives in a four-room house on the Ticonderoga Reserve, sixteen miles east of Belleville. "Louie is the ghost of a man who was killed by Indians near where my house stands," Mrs. Palmer is quick to inform reporters. "His full name was Louis Carpenter and he got murdered in the early 1800's.

"He starts knocking on my bedroom wall every night about eight and we talk back and forth. He only speaks to me and my family, though. He won't talk when there are strangers in the house."

Mrs. Palmer's daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wahn, who live with the elderly woman, readily support her story. So does her granddaughter Linda.

"I'm not scared of Louie," Linda told reporters. "He even tells me how card tricks are done."

Mrs. Palmer's neighbors have never been treated to a vocal performance by the lively ghost, but seventeen of them have affixed their signatures to an affidavit which states that they have heard Louie knocking on the walls.

James Jones, a Frankford contractor, expressed his skepticism about the existence of a ghost on the Reserve. "It all seemed like the nonsense of an old woman to me," he said. But then he and two friends visited Mrs. Palmer in her home.

"There really is a ghost in that house," Jones says now. "We all heard him rapping!"

Late at night, when Mrs. Palmer and the Wahns are getting ready for bed and have had enough of Louie's incessant yakking, they simply tell him to go to sleep.

"I just say, 'Good night, Louie,'" Mrs. Palmer said. "Then he stops talking and we don't hear from him until the next night."

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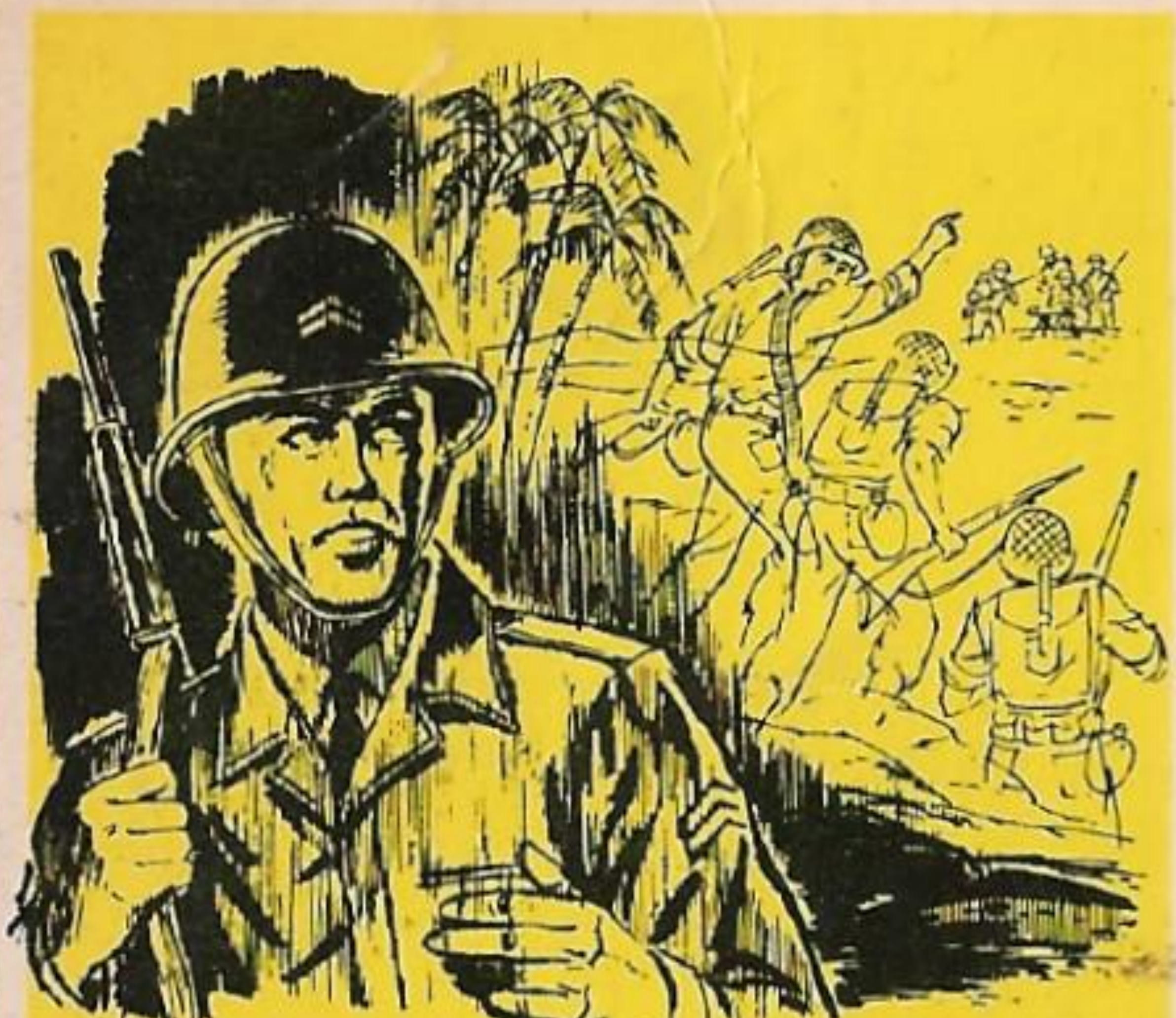
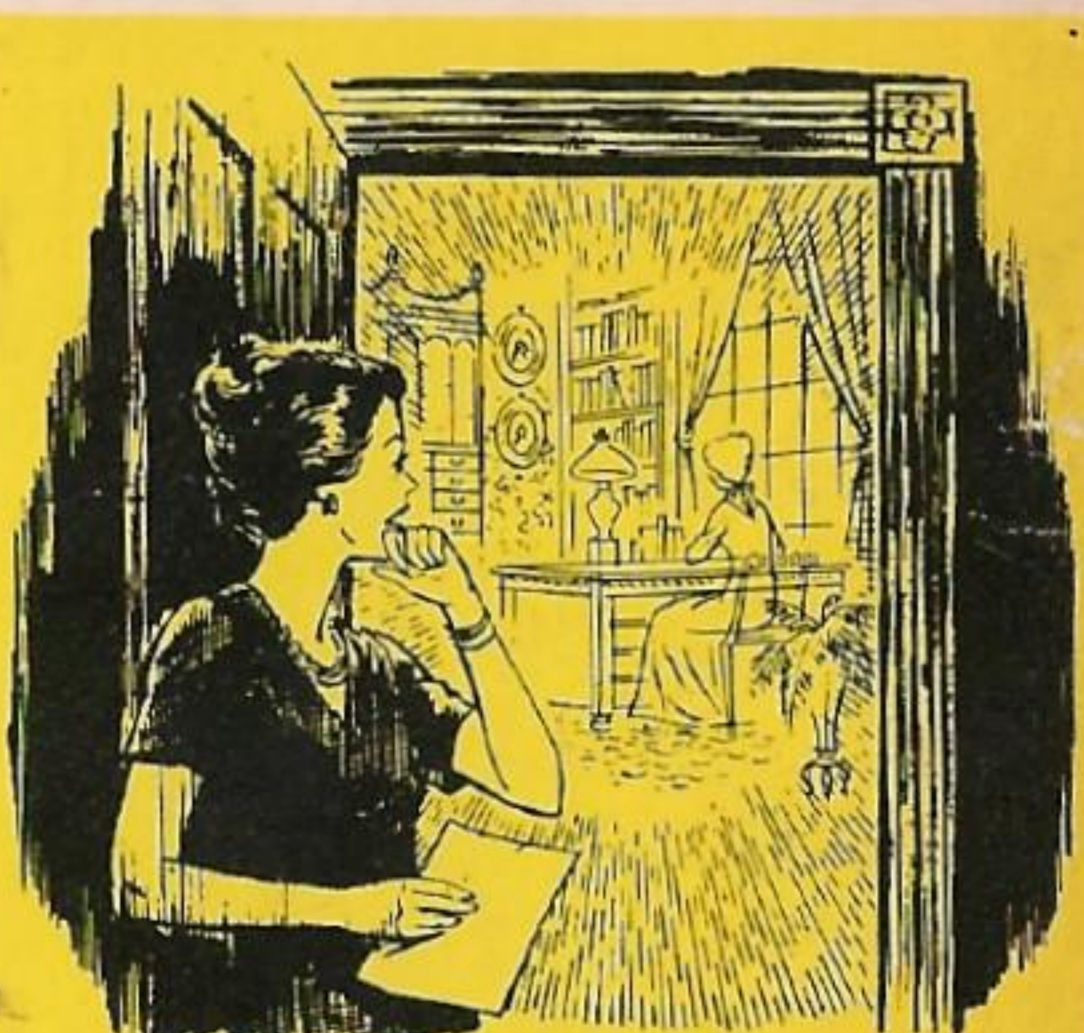


He witnessed a battle of ghosts in the Corregidor jungles.



She stepped out of her office—and into another century.

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